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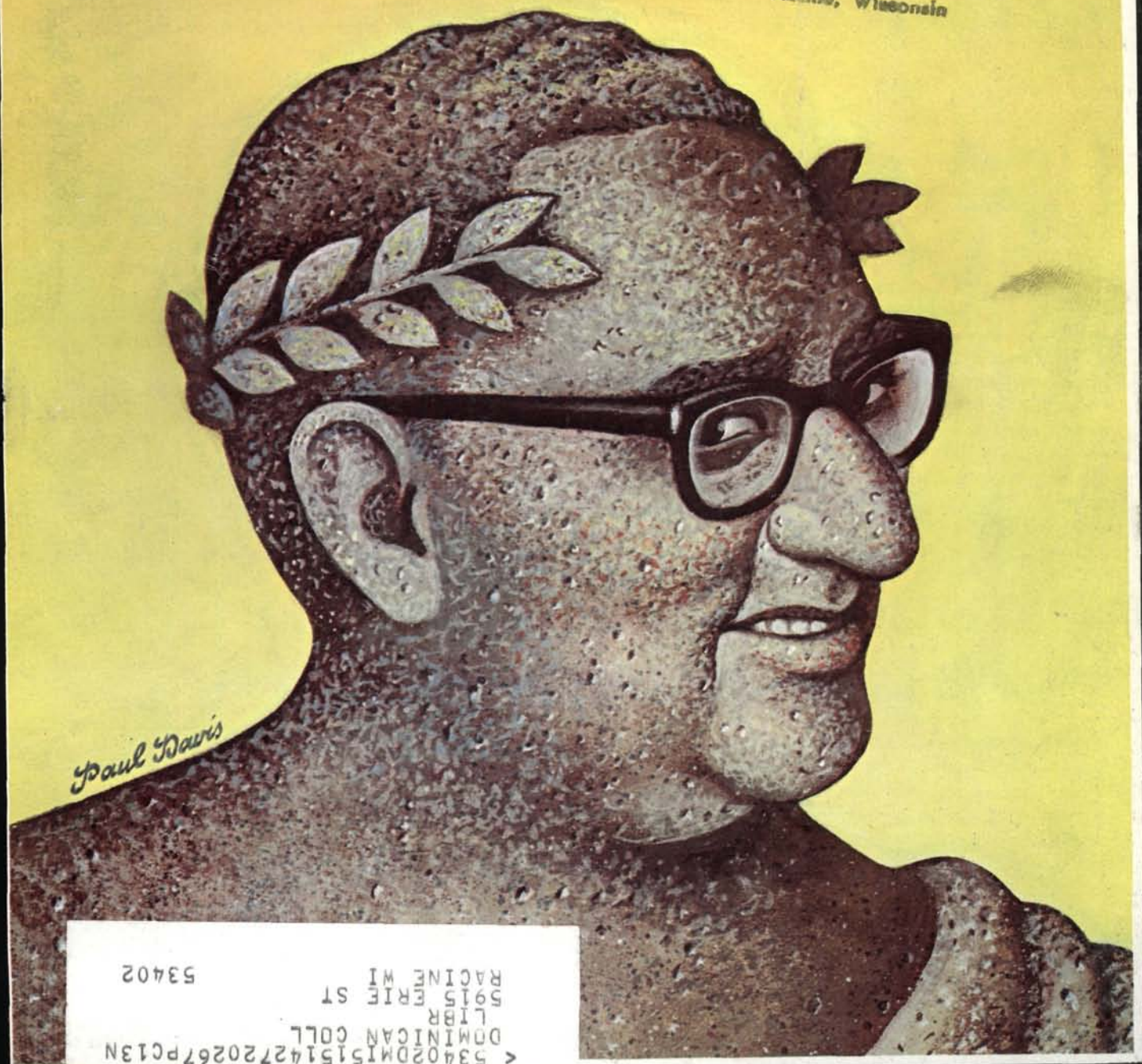

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WANTED–8 MILLION AMERICAN FAMILIES

Who Will Be Good Samaritans For 8 Million Bengali Refugees

Dear Friend:

One of the first Bible Stories we tell our children is the story of the good samaritan who stops to care for a wounded robbery victim lying beside the road after others had hurried on past.

It is a story that has a deep meaning to most Americans whether the person in need lying beside the road is an earthquake victim in Chile or a starving child in Biafra. We have always been quick to be good samaritans to others less fortunate than ourselves. We have rushed to help not just to the other side of the road, but to the other side of the world.

Now our traditionally generous impulses are meeting the supreme test. Because what is happening on the other side of the world is such a vast catastrophe — so many millions are in anguish — that there is a danger we will give a hopeless shrug and pass them by.

Fleeing from the horrors of one of the bloodiest civil conflicts of this century, their homes and barns burned, their nearest of kin shot down, eight million Bengali refugees have poured out of Pakistan into India.

Old people, children, mothers with babes in arms, have walked barefoot as far as three hundred miles to the border in the blistering sun without enough food or water, so that when they reached safety in India there was no place for them to stay but in the fields.

When the monsoon rains came they hoveled in drain pipes, beneath mats, under canvas or pathetically inadequate umbrellas.

Swooning from cholera and hunger, they sometimes had to stand up all night with water up to their knees because there was no dry place to lie down.

Hospitals made for 200 patients have been swamped with 800, 1200 and 1500, lying beside the beds, in the corridors, outside the yard in row after row.

The government of India, already hard pressed with its own economic problems, is spending over 3 million dollars a day in a valiant effort to care for the refugees. Obviously, it is not enough. It is questionable how long India can provide even this aid without collapsing.

Although national governments and relief organizations are making important contributions for the relief of this mass sea of human suffering, to supplement this effort it is necessary to seek private help.

The East Pakistan Emergency Refugee Fund has been organized to appeal to American families to help in this hour of unprecedented need.

We do not ask you to undertake the hopeless task of saving eight million people from starvation and disease. This is a staggering problem even to comprehend.

All we ask is that you, one American family, undertake and save one Bengali refugee by your contribution.

You can do this by contributing only 33¢ a day for the next six months. This amounts to $10 per month. We do not underestimate the sacrifice this will mean for many people.

But your commitment to give $10 a month for the next six months can pick up one Bengali child, give him food and cholera vaccine to carry him to high ground and survival.

It is expected that within the next 6 months a peaceful solution will be reached and allow the refugees to return in safety to their homeland.

You can multiply your contribution several times over by calling at least 5 of your close friends. Ask them to make the same commitment to save one child, and they should in turn call 5 of their friends.

You may also want to ask your church, or club or local civic organization if they cannot also help as a group.

If we can get eight million American families — only 4% of the population — to provide minimum care for just one Bengali baby or child, or mother, or father, it will be the greatest rescue operation in human history.

Your dollars will be channelled through UNICEF, CARE, IRC and other authorized organizations to provide emergency relief.

Please mail the coupon below with your check directly to the bank by using the P.O. Box Office box. Save your cancelled check as a record of your tax-deductible contribution.

Too often in recent years we have presented an image of America as the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

Now, as never before, here is a desperate need for America to show itself as the most compassionate and generous of the world's nations as well.

Chester Bowles, former Ambassador to India
Robert Drinan, Congressman from Massachusetts
Shrikumar Poddar, President, India Foundation

Homer Jack, World Conference of Religion for Peace
William Plymat, Chairman, Preferred Risk Insurance Company

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I support your efforts to help Bengali refugees.

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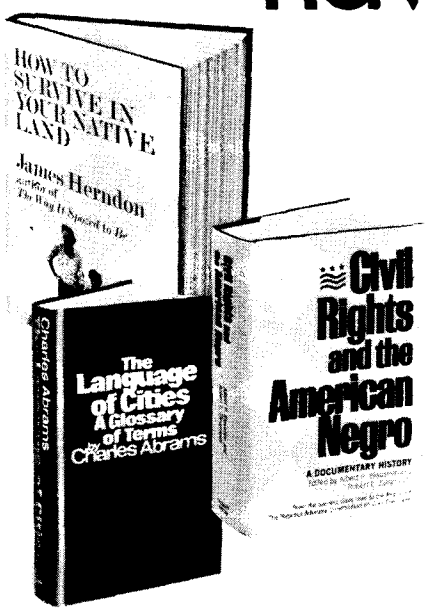
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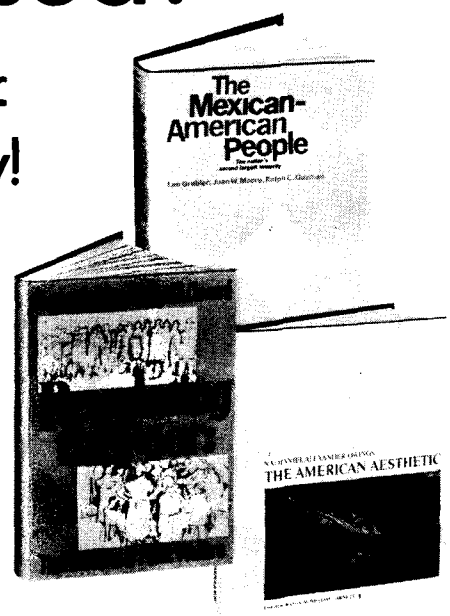

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[Hard Times]

The Antipopulists

Not since Eisenhower has business enjoyed such freedom of movement . . . . At the Federal Power Commission oilmen set gas prices. At the Civil Aeronautics Board airline presidents call secret meetings of the Commission and direct the members how to proceed Antitrust is virtually extinct and politicians of a populist stripe are disappearing into the woodwork.

THE PREDICTED NEOPOPULIST insurgency against corporate socialism inspired by Ralph Nader and based on an anti-business grassroots movement has yet to materialize. Instead formal politics is more than ever given over to friendly bickering between Nixon and Meany over the terms of Labor's participation in the regime. Above all else corporations are ascendant. Not since Eisenhower has business enjoyed such freedom of movement and been so warmly received in the Capitol City.

The roots of corporate socialism dig ever deeper. At the Federal Power Commission oilmen set gas prices. At the Civil Aeronautics Board airline presidents call secret meetings of the Commission and direct the members how to proceed. Basic government policy on airlines is established by advisory committees in secret sessions at the Chase Manhattan Bank. Antitrust, a slender weapon at best against corporate expansion, is virtually extinct. The Justice Department's Antitrust Division prefers instead to work out consent decrees promoting the mergers in exchange for some favor.

Thus, when ITT agreed to give San Diego $400,000 so that the city might finance next year's GOP convention, the Justice Department modified its objection to the proposed ITT-Hartford Fire Insurance merger in a manner acceptable to ITT. The Senate Antitrust Subcommittee, a lavishly financed outfit managed by Philip Hart and supposedly a bastion against corporate excess, can't ever seem to call an industry witness and is instead content to publish academic studies of economic concentration. There remain but three committees in Congress which oppose in any substantive way the tactics of corporations: Wright Patman's Banking Committee in the House, and two less powerful subcommittees dealing mostly with medicine, Senator Nelson's Small Business Subcommittee and Congressman Fountain's Intergovernmental Relations Subcommittee.

Politicians of a populist stripe are disappearing into the woodwork. Vance Hartke, who was hardpressed to get up the money for his narrow campaign victory, is seldom heard from any more. Harold Hughes abandoned his presidential campaign and has disappeared from view. Lee Metcalf carries on, but has no base of power.

The way in which large corporations run the government is pretty brazen. Here are a few prominent, recent examples: American Airlines decided to merge with Western Airlines, the largest airline combination in history. Before any application for approval of this merger was filed with the CAB, the presidents of both American and Western asked to meet privately—*ex parte*—with the regulatory board's members. At the meeting the airlines persuaded the CAB members to informally approve the consolidation. Then, under direction of Edward Spater, American Airlines president, a team of lobbyists took charge of a Washington "persuasion" campaign. Lloyd Cutler, the well-known corporate lobbyist, and Donald Turner, the Harvard professor who served as chief of the Antitrust Division under LBJ, set about visiting high officials in Washington. They saw Richard McLaren, current head of the Justice Department's Antitrust Division, and as a result the Justice Department took no position on the merger. Next, airline representatives visited Assistant Secretary of Transportation Charles Baker in an effort to head off any possible opposition from that quarter, and consequently the Department of Transportation offered no objection. Spater and Cutler together visited with Treasury Secretary Connally and discussed the situation with officials at the White House including Peter Flanigan. Jerry Grinstein, former staff head of the Senate Commerce Committee now in the employ of American Airlines, saw to it that Senator Magnuson raised no objections. Consequently, no agency of the federal government offered any comments on the merger, which is now going through the formal motions at the CAB.

But this sort of relationship between industry and government is hardly new. For the last 17 years the oil companies, which also produce most of the world's natural gas, have fought the Supreme Court's decision in the Phillips case, which required the Federal Power Commission to regulate the price of natural gas at a well head. Throughout the 1950s the oilmen persuaded the FPC to ignore the order. Finally after repeated Court admoni-

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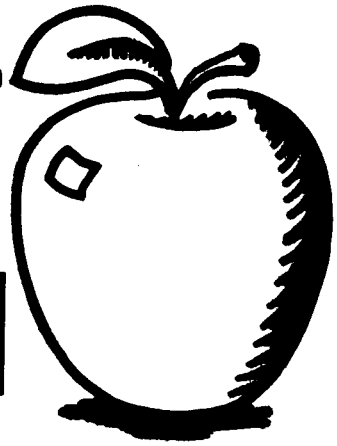

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You've read that 20 states have issued bans or warnings against their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has caused blindness, brain-damage and death.

That some doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now *four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.*

That of 20 top brands of fish sticks, 51% tested out as bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country may be a cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 75% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a growth hormone called *stilbestrol*, also a potential cancer producer.

That even drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water is one of the fastest growing businesses in the United States!*

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"Organic" doesn't describe the food—*but how it has been grown and prepared.* Quite simply—organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was *for you*? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

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Through the support of members like yourself, EFS can encourage farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, *our lives.* It can encourage them in the only way practical —*by making it worth their while.* A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring" —*but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.*

Similarly, bakers can stop emasculating their bread; poultrymen can stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors can stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-bio-degradable containers—*only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.*

What is a "fair market price"?

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How the Society works for you

Members may order as much as they wish from the Society. Or just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. *But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.*

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You will receive regular *date-limited* mailings of the Illustrated ECOLOGICAL OPTION LIST OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. Each is filled with factual reports and photographs of *carefully checked* ecological products—which you are entitled to order through Society auspices at once. These *LISTS* grow into the only such Comprehensive Catalog of Organic Products in existence—a unique *photographically illustrated* market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, vitamins—foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them.

More than just foods

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Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose *interest* is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned —enough to get behind EFS now. *While there is still time.* Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

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tions, the Commission dragged itself into action, and in the 1960s established area pricing schemes for natural gas thereby reducing the rates. But, when Nixon came into office, the FPC was reorganized; the oilmen demanded higher gas prices in order that they might be given an incentive to search for more gas, so badly needed in the "energy crisis." Last summer, acting against the advice of its own staff, the FPC gave in and voided ten years of gas pricing by unanimously agreeing to the industry's demand for higher rates.

For the last eight years members of Congress sought to persuade the government to make an inventory of industrial wastes as a preliminary step towards creating a water pollution program. It is difficult to make a substantive effort on pollution until the Government collects and analyzes information on the amount, type, and sources of waste. But each time Congress requested the government to send out a questionnaire, it was opposed by the Bureau of the Budget, which denied funds. The Bureau of the Budget in turn received advice from the Advisory Council on Federal Reports, one of many industry committees which work inside government with the Budget Bureau in determining policy. This council, which had never paid much attention to federal reports before, took a great interest in the water pollution questionnaire. Its members included representatives from Ford, Chrysler, DuPont, American Petroleum Institute, the paper and mining associations and so on. The meetings with Budget were in secret, and no representatives of public interest or environmental groups were present. The minutes were incomplete, but here is one instructive passage from the Council's deliberations:

"A major topic of discussion was the matter of confidentiality. As now proposed, response to the survey is voluntary but there is no promise that the data will be treated as confidential. Under these circumstances industry believes that response will be limited and the data therefore misleading. It is industry's opinion that there is little need for disclosure of data except between the FWPCA [the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration] and state water pollution control agencies. Furthermore data supplied on a voluntary basis should not serve as a basis for legal action against any plant.

"Industry does not like to report effluents without some indication of the effect they will have because the location of the discharge can make a difference. There is always pressure from the public to release federal data, and the companies are afraid that the data may get into the hands of news media. They feel that industry would have to assume that the data will be used against them, and even be used in court. This would force industry to refuse to cooperate. . . ."

Finally in 1970 the then Secretary of Interior Walter Hickel agreed that a "voluntary" inventory might be useful and the government sent a questionnaire to a few companies to be answered voluntarily. —J.R.

The LBJification of U.T.

UNIVERSITIES FREQUENTLY serve as brokerages for industrial and political interests. MIT and Harvard brokered the Route 128 complex, the defense electronics shuck of the 1960s. Columbia trustees used their board room to hatch regressive realty schemes for the upper west side of Manhattan. The University of Chicago is Daley's political club for the south side.

But the University of Texas is slightly different. It not only is the trough for every enterprising Austin businessman, but more importantly acts as a funnel for the political and business interests of the Texas State Democratic Party, whose personnel float in and out of the University administration buildings and board rooms.

For many years, the man who ran the University for the Party was Frank Erwin, who served as Chairman of the Board of Regents. Erwin, still a Regent, is an intimate of Johnson, Connally, and the current governor, Preston Smith. He was Democratic National Committeeman from 1964 through 1968, and when the *Daily Texan*, the student newspaper, accused him of having a conflict of interest, he responded, "the University of Texas is Lyndon Johnson's university." When the newspaper opposed Johnson's decision to bomb North Vietnam, Erwin claimed it had cost the University a million dollar gift and threatened to abolish its editorial page.

Over the past summer Erwin tried unsuccessfully to abolish the student paper altogether and re-establish it under regential control. His other efforts to guide the University's development have been more successful. Under his influence, the Regents recently redefined paid members of the student government as state employees, making it impossible for the student attorney to bring student cases against the University. They also have prohibited University administrators from negotiation with student demonstrators rather than immediately bringing in the police; in 1970 the University passed a ruling that no more than three nonresident members might attend a campus meeting. Erwin was the sole witness to testify before the state legislature against a bill placing three nonvoting students on UT's Board of Regents, and the bill failed. In the summer of 1970 he summarily fired the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, who had occasionally differed from him on campus issues. Several faculty members resigned in protest over this, but when a state senator demanded an investigation of the affair Governor Preston Smith said he was reluctant to enter into a confrontation with Erwin, a friend of Smith's who contributed to his 1968 campaign.

ON A MORE HOMELY LEVEL, the University is tied to widespread political and business interests. University enrollment rose from 20,000 in 1967 to about 42,000 this year. Under Erwin's enthusiastic leadership, there was feverish construction of University buildings during that five-year span. Almost all the architecture contracts went to Brooks, Barr, Graeber, and White, who are the University's architectural consultants on a regular basis: Max Brooks is an old friend of LBJ's. Construction contracts routinely go to Odum Construction Company, headed by the

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[Advertisement]

McGovern's Quiet Progress

McGovern? A great guy!

Would obviously be a great President — if only we could appoint him!

First U. S. Senator to speak out against our military intervention in Vietnam, way back in 1963.

Outstanding critic of the defense budget.

Lonely crusader against hunger in America.

Chief architect of delegate selection reform in the Democratic Party.

Consistently liberal but a big vote-getter in his conservative native state of South Dakota.

But the Democratic presidential nomination. Forget it. He doesn't have a chance. Starts from too far behind. And too nice a guy. Not fiery enough.

And so on and so on. Right?

This was pretty much the reaction when Senator McGovern shattered political precedent last January by becoming a declared candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination a whole year ahead of time.

"They tell us that George McGovern cannot become President because he is too decent," wrote newspaper columnist Pete Hamill.

The Nation agreed: "His decency as a human being is a distinct liability."

But as The New Republic said during McGovern's hearings on hunger, "It is awfully hard to stop men like McGovern. They have iron in them . . . Don't underestimate him."

And since he declared his candidacy, he has campaigned tirelessly and progressed steadily.

Now, people are beginning to rub their eyes in astonishment and say, "By golly, maybe he *does* have a chance!"

First of all, he has received nearly $500,000 from supporters, mostly in small contributions of $1 to $100. That's not nearly enough to carry him through all the primaries, of course. But it's a remarkable outpouring of sentiment so early in the game.

He's won the support of people with a lot of savvy and high standards, such as John Kenneth Galbraith, Gloria Steinem, George Wald, Hans Morgenthau, William Sloan Coffin, Arthur Schlesinger, Henry Steele Commager, Frank Mankiewicz, Shirley MacLaine, Blair Clark.

In New Hampshire, he has the support of half the people who were Democratic Delegates in 1968 and three-fourths of the people who were McCarthy Delegates.

In New York, he has been endorsed by the Democratic Party Leader of Queens, Matthew Troy; the Borough President of the Bronx, Robert Abrams; and recent Democratic candidate for the U. S. Senate, Richard Ottinger.

In Nebraska, former Governor Frank Morrison will serve as Chairman of Nebraska Citizens for McGovern.

"CROWDS HAIL McGOVERN IN WISCONSIN," read a headline in The New York Times on March 8. The news story which followed reported that "he drew about 4,500 persons to a speech on the University of Wisconsin campus, and the audience, noted for its intolerance of politicians, gave him a standing ovation at the end. Later, Friday, he drew another overflow crowd at a Madison hotel reception despite a driving snowstorm."

In Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin reported on July 29 that "The 1972 Pennsylvania Presidential primary is still nine months away, but Delaware County Democrats are reportedly already lining up support for South Dakota Senator George S. McGovern. Several local Democrats recently stated that support for McGovern has increased in the past few months.

"Every Democrat who has expressed an interest about becoming a candidate for delegate to the national convention is supporting McGovern," one leader said.

Students for McGovern chapters have spring up on more than 350 college campuses.

Tom Wicker of The New York Times told political writer Jack Newfield, according to Newfield's account in The Village Voice on August 12, "George is being under estimated. I think he is probably not getting the (newspaper) space he deserves. He is quite strong in the farm belt. He has real organizations going in some of those states. I think McGovern is going to win a primary, and then some folks are going to have egg on their face."

Maybe it's too soon to call all this a groundswell.

But it's not too soon to say that McGovern is a serious contender for the presidential nomination.

And it's not too soon for you to make up your mind to help him get it.

The primary campaigns in New Hampshire and Florida begin in barely 90 days. After that comes Wisconsin.

The stronger the showing McGovern makes in these first primaries, the stronger he will become in terms of support, financial backing, and news coverage.

Thanks to the reforms drafted by the McGovern Commission, at least 63% of the delegates to the 1972 Democratic Convention will be directly elected by the people in at least 23 state primaries.

This means that, for the first time, the candidate who successfully takes his case to the people can be assured of winning the nomination, whether the "power brokers" like it or not.

And you can play a part in helping Senator McGovern take his case to the people, by making a contribution to his campaign now.

The Pentagon papers have widened the credibility gap between the Administration and the country into a canyon. American people are hungering for a man they can trust — a man who sees the truth and tells the truth.

We think George McGovern is such a man. And we urge you to join with us in helping him win the Democratic presidential nomination, by mailing the coupon with your heartfelt contribution.

McGovern is getting there. Here's your chance to help.

Mail To: McGovern for President Committee
410 First Street, S.E., Washington, D. C. 20003

☐ **I support Senator McGovern in his efforts to lead our country along the path of peace, reconciliation and rededication. Enclosed is my contribution of $_____**

RM-12

☐ Miss
☐ Mrs.
☐ Mr.

Address **Apt.**

City **State** **Zip**

☐ **Please enroll me in the McGovern for President Club made up of supporters pledged to contribute $10 or more a month until the convention, and keep me closely informed on the progress of the campaign.**

Please Make Checks Payable to McGovern for President Committee.

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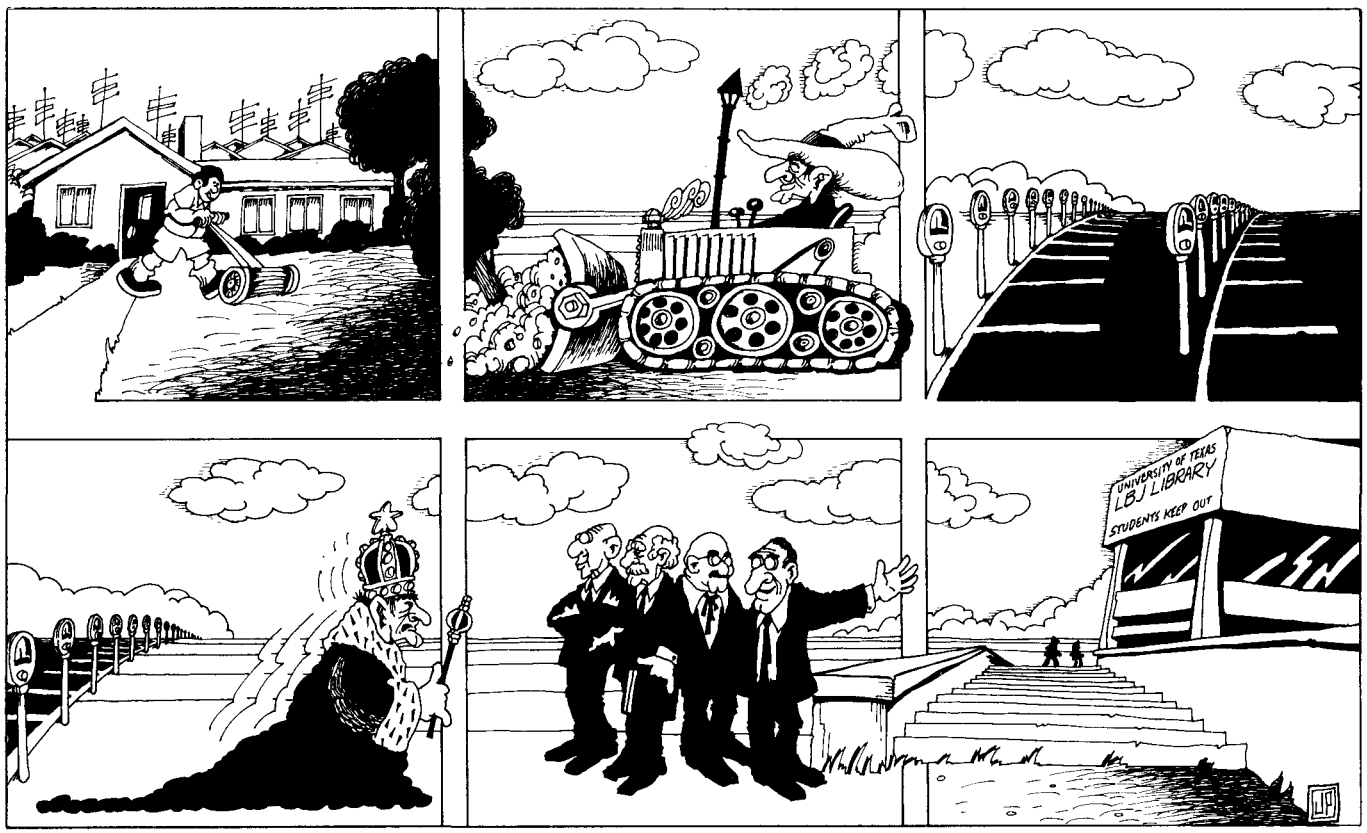

brother of LBJ's close friend Will Odum, who was chairman of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Commission from 1963 to 1968.

In 1964 the Regents let a contract to an El Paso architectural firm to design a college building at Texas Western College in El Paso. The architect turned out to be a former Republican State Committeeman. Under a rider to the Texas appropriations bill, the governor must approve architectural fees for state colleges, universities and special schools; Connally did not approve the contract, and the Regents were forced to award it elsewhere. One Regent resigned over the controversy, making public a letter he had received from Connally's friend, Frank Erwin. Erwin wrote, "The present governor . . . approved the inclusion of the rider in question in the appropriations bill and intends to exercise the power given him therein. . . . It is his view that since architecture contracts are not let on competitive bid basis, they simply constitute valuable gifts that are awarded by the state government. . . . He is opposed to awarding contracts to competent architects who have not been friendly to him and his administration."

At Erwin's farewell dinner, upon his retirement as Regents' chairman, Lyndon Johnson said, "When all the angry voices fall silent, people of this state will recognize that the University of Texas has never had an advocate equal to Frank Erwin." LBJ might well feel grateful toward the man who has granted him so many favors. In addition to everything else, Erwin helped locate the LBJ Library on the site Johnson personally selected—a site where a number of homes had been located. The library is huge and elaborate, with floors devoted to multimedia representations of the Johnson family's life and hopes. This building and the LBJ School of Public Affairs, which adjoins it, officially cost the University $18 million; private estimates have put the cost as high as $40 million. (The Library's opening dinner cost the school $24,000.) Both buildings were designed by Brooks, Barr, Graeber, and White. Scholars will presumably profit when the LBJ papers are opened to the public, but the date of that is unclear. Even then, says a University official, students will be able to examine the papers only "if they have a legitimate reason for wanting to do study."

PERIODICALLY LBJ REWARDS Erwin for his services with considerable economic largesse. Shortly before he resigned from the Presidency in 1968, he announced a plan to turn over 26½ acres of federal land outside Austin for the construction of a geriatrics center. Originally the land had been appraised at $2.2 million, but the value was reset at $640,000. Soon after LBJ's announcement, Erwin, J. C. Kellam, head of the Johnson television station in Austin, and Roy Butler, a personal friend of LBJ's, established the Austin Geriatrics Center (AGC), and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare which administered the property deeded it to them at no cost. The Center was promised $8 million in Federal Housing Administration low-interest loans, the free land serving as collateral. After 30 years, the Erwin group can make all or part of the land available to a third party by paying the government the current fair market value, less 3.3 percent of the government's $640,000 valuation for each year the land is used for the intended health care and research purposes. The director of HEW can independently approve any resale, leasing

Illustrated by Jim Parkinso

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A11. HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PILL TODAY? Forget? 23" x 29". Black on white. Only $1.00

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Y42 NIXON AS HIPPY. "We are ready to negotiate." 28" x 23" $1.00

Y39. AGNEW. The New Agnew? Looks like Photo. Sepia on Heavy Stock. 22" x 29" Only $2.00

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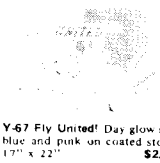
Y62 #58-23-36 The Impossible Dream. Vivid black and white on glossy stock. 23" x 31" $2.00



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shhh. someone is listening

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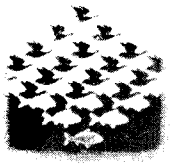

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Y6. PEACE COULD BE GROOVY. U.N. Symbol in Gay Day-Glow Colors- Magenta, Orange, Blue Dominate. 22½" x 28½". Only $1.98

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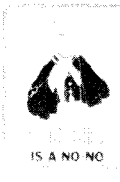
Y72 EXPRESS THYSELF Photo Progression. Full color photo. 24" x 30" $2.00



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B23. GRETA. Painted lady on Motorcycle Full Color Photo. 29" x 42". Only $1.98

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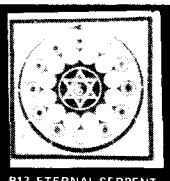
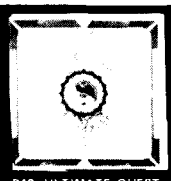


B17 STERNAL SERPENT.



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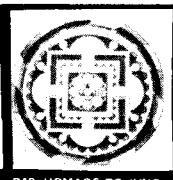
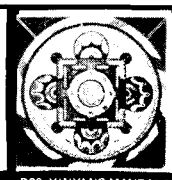


B19. HOMAGE TO JUNG.



B20. YINYANG MANDALA

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Y-11	Y-25	Y-30	Y-39	Y-40
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or renting of the land requested by AGC. While the Center operates, the directors may award contracts for consulting work and hire an administrative staff and a research director.

The Nixon Administration initially denied the land transfer; HEW twice wrote Erwin demanding that the title of the land be returned. (It should have reverted to HEW in June 1970 since the geriatrics project had not yet been started, and the time limit established by the original contract had passed.) But during the summer of 1970, Nixon quietly revived the project, promising 100 percent financing by the Department of Housing and Urban Development, rather than the originally agreed-upon 90 percent.

Erwin is generally keen for construction projects. In 1969, he masterminded a renewal project expanding the University of Texas' Austin campus east at the expense of more than 300 buildings and over 1000 people who lived in that area. Originally the project would have involved destroying only new houses and apartment buildings; but in order to make it qualify as urban renewal, the University extended its boundaries into a black neighborhood so that 50 percent of the project embraced a substandard housing area. Erwin bulldozed the plan over protests of members of the University community and Austin's general citizenry. So far the University has erected only parking lots on the land. However Erwin's law firm, Brown, Erwin, Maroney and Barber, which he left in June, represents University Village, a large property owner and landlord west of the University. The value of University Village real estate was greatly enhanced by the University's elimination of much student housing by the East Renewal Project.

Brown, Erwin, Maroney and Barber is a center of political activity. Ben Barnes, Texas' Lieutenant Governor, started his political career there; Erwin was part owner of the airplane used by Barnes for his 1970 campaign. In 1969 the firm represented the Bank of North Texas (which handles Lyndon Johnson's affairs) when it received its charter. One of Erwin's law partners was retained by the Dallas Chamber of Commerce to promote the idea of a UT-Dallas campus before the state legislature and also to argue for making the Southwest Center for Advanced Studies part of the UT system. Other Regents are equally active in state politics. The new Regents' chairman, John Peace, was a college friend of John Connally's and helped manage Connally's gubernatorial campaigns. He is now working on the reelection campaign of Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes. A group of law students at the University of Texas recently revealed that Connally and two of Peace's other friends own 1100 acres of land contiguous to the newly planned UT campus at San Antonio, whose site Peace selected; Peace incorporated the La Ventura firm, through which the three own the land.

Frank Ikard, on the Land and Investments Committee of the Board of Regents, was a US Congressman for years. He now works in Washington, D.C. as president of the American Petroleum Institute, flying to Austin to determine how the University endowment is invested and to direct the spread of the University's financial interests. Charles LeMaistre, University Chancellor, is co-owner with one Regent and with John Connally of World of Animals, a drive-in zoo outside Austin. And the University's most recently appointed Regent is Ladybird Johnson.

—FRANCES LANG

EAST COAST OIL

Middle Eastern countries are demanding more of a take in the oil business, and the big international companies which dominate the cartel are using these demands to pressure the US government. They warn of dangerous dependence on "foreign" oil sources and are clamoring for stepped-up drilling programs on the US outer continental shelf to meet the "energy crisis." In particular they want to drill in the Atlantic Ocean off the east coast. A consortia of 33 companies led by Jersey Standard claim to have found commercial oil and gas deposits 30 miles off Long Island. North Carolina State waters already have been leased, and state geologists report preliminary drilling in federal waters on the outer continental shelf. The Interior Department, which administers the shelf, plans to lease the Atlantic territories by 1976, and will hold preliminary environmental impact hearings next year.

Drilling off the east coast of the US could produce an international wrangle. Choice sites are on the Georgia coast, the center of the international fishing industry, and protests are already being heard about the danger to the fish.

The Honor System

THE WAR IN VIETNAM has spawned a terrifying array of new and sophisticated artillery and aerial shells which methodically shred and sear human flesh. This growing "family" of anti-personnel weapons includes cluster bombs, Napalm B, fragmentation shells, and canisters loaded with thousands of razor-sharp minidarts. The death merchants who manufacture these grisly weapons are rewarded with steady multi-million dollar contracts. Not to be forgotten, however, are the industrious military scientists, whose crafty inventiveness is often primarily responsible for the birth of a better bomb. This year, the Army's Research and Development Command, led by Pentagon Lt. Gen. William C. Gribble, has awarded 20 percent of his office's top level "Achievement Awards" to researchers on the military payroll who are directly involved in technological improvements in the performance of these weapons. According to a recent issue of *Army Research and Development* newsmagazine, the awards—a lapel pin, a wall plaque, and certification (no cash)—are "one of the most prestigious forms of recognition attainable by Army in-house personnel."

Of 81 scientists cited for major, material contributions to the Army's capabilities in 1971, 16 won their prizes for improvements in anti-personnel weaponry, directly translatable into higher body counts.

Picatinny Arsenal, the Dover, New

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Jersey base of the Army Munitions Command Headquarters, was a big winner, with two four-man teams taking home top honors. One group was cited for "ingenuity and creativity" in the design of a cluster bomb system called the Terminal Delivery Vehicle (TDV). The TDV ejects itself from an in-flight artillery shell, and then, the Army cryptically notes, "the payload in the vehicle performs its mission" upon hitting the ground. A second Picatinny team won the Achievement Award for streamlining manufacturing techniques of experimental and production-line "warheads."

A three-man group at the Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland's sprawling center for chemical weapons research, was similarly awarded for the development of the "XM-191 Multishot Portable Flame Weapon," a 26-pound rocket-propelled flame thrower. Its major improvements are rapid, repeated fire from a greater distance, minimizing "gunner vulnerability" says the Army.

A first prize in this most gruesome of science fairs went to a two-man team at the Frankford Arsenal, Pennsylvania. Their achievement: refining shell-steel metallurgy which yielded "greater fragmentation and lethal effect" in high-explosive projectiles. Richard Meinhart and Charles Sallade, the scientists whose "technological advance has been applied to mortar shells," are also "conducting studies to apply the manufacturing process to other shells." Yankee ingenuity is a marvelous thing.

Other researchers were given the coveted Army award for such "achievements" as: improving the effectiveness of anti-tank rockets, increasing artillery commanders' chances of scoring "first round hit(s)," and refining heat sensors and back-pack infrared radar sets. Prizes were awarded for prolonging the lives of cannon barrels, helicopter blades and engine parts. And, no doubt to demonstrate the Army's sincere interest in more than the mere packaging of death, there was an award for permitting the Army to cheaply and efficiently freeze-dry "peas, corn, green beans, spinach, onions, carrots, cherries and blueberries."

—JAMES ROWEN

Ethan Allen

Who Owns Vermont?

LIKE MOST OF the rest of rural Appalachia, Vermont is in continual economic decline. A recent study tells how the state's resources have been parcelled out to "foreign" corporations, which under the guise of industrial development are bleeding the place to death.

Vermont was long known for its machine tool and light machine factories which created considerable prosperity in the southern part of the state. Because of comparatively cheap labor, weak unions and spectacular tax breaks, large conglomerates took them over in the 1960s. Now the once-prized local industries are held by Textron, New York; Ex-Cell-O Corp., Detroit; and Colt Industries, New York. Two out-of-state corporations, IBM and GE, are now the largest Vermont employers. Timber and paper companies (Weyerhaeuser, St. Regis, Gulf & Western) control much of the state's woodlands, including the northeast kingdom. Arthur Watson of IBM, now ambassador to France, owns the Mt. Mansfield ski resort, and International Paper has Stratton Mountain, another ski resort. Although the ski industry might seem to spur local business, it seldom turns out that way. Materials, such as lifts and tramways, are purchased in Europe; executives, ski instructors, etc., are brought in from New York or the Alps. Even food catering goes to out-of-state companies. That leaves $1.65 waitress and bus boy jobs for Vermonters.

At any rate the ski lodges are a mask for the realty business. Developers of a ski resort usually set up two corporations: one to build the ski trails and operate the tramways and the other for real estate development and speculation. The ski area costs are charged to the company which operates the tramway, and thus it makes very low profits and pays very little in taxes. The big money is made by the real estate subsidiary by building condominiums, ski chalets, renting lands to Holiday Inn and so on. Profits from these operations are capital gains which are not taxed in Vermont. This lack of capital gains taxes encourages paper and timber companies to be more interested in land speculation than they are in manufacture of wood products.

The key to perpetual economic decline is the tax system. In Vermont sales taxes of one sort or another totaled $70.7 million in 1970, or 53.1 percent of the state budget. But business taxes, including the corporation income tax, totals only $11.6 million, or 7.8 percent of the total. Because sales taxes are regressive, they tax the poor more than the rich. Thus an individual who has an income of less than $3000 pays a tax equal to 3.3 percent of his income, while an individual with an income of $19,000 pays a tax of 1 percent.

—from "Colonialism and Underdevelopment in Vermont" by Lee Webb, Goddard College, Vermont

Illustrated by Jim McConnell

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[Comment]

Organizing the New Politics: A Proposal

"... after flights from Southern sheriffs, after prison terms, after losing jobs, rejecting parentally-sponsored careers, after watching innumerable new beginnings collapse, picking up the pieces to try once again, it is maddening to watch some Democratic Party Johnny-come-lately rhetorically espouse the positions we labored to establish and garner the fruits of all our seeding."

EVERY FOUR YEARS THE movement goes mad. We've been through the pattern twice now. It ought to be possible to see that there *is* a pattern, and this time around to be a little more creative. It would be nice if we could say in 1973 what we could not say, alas, in 1965 or 1969: that we had thought out a rational strategy for the presidential election year, as a result of which the movement was stronger the year after the election than it had been the year before.

THE MISSISSIPPI FREEDOM Democratic Party and the strategy of demanding that MFDP rather than regular Democratic Party delegates be seated at the national Democratic Party convention were conceived as devices for making visible the Stone Age politics of the Deep South. In the best sense they were publicity gimmicks. SNCC organizers could not have cared less who sat for Mississippi at that Atlantic City convention. They settled on the strategy as a means of exposure.

As is often the case with electoral campaigns, however, what was conceived as a device came to seem more and more real as "election day" (in this case, convention time) approached. State Democratic conventions in California, Wisconsin and New York endorsed the seating of MFDP delegates. Soon at MFDP headquarters in Jackson, Mississippi there began to be talk as to whether this tactic, or that speech, might not alienate potential supporters on the convention floor. Whether or not the MFDP delegates were seated came to seem, even to hardened SNCC socialists, a test of the nation's sincerity.

There was a meeting one July evening on the grass outside a church in Jackson where the question was put: Who should be the MFDP lawyer? Should it be a lawyer we know and trust, like Bill Kunstler or Arthur Kinoy? No, answered Bob Momses, among others, it should be someone like ADA attorney Joseph Rauh, acceptable to our liberal Democratic allies.

These compromises were not the real problem, however. Rauh, as well as Humphrey, Reuther, Rustin, Wilkins, Farmer, and Dr. King, were all adequately unfrocked at the subsequent convention. The convention action went well as a scalpel for exposing the nature of the Democratic Party. The real problem occurred after the convention when, rather than returning to local work, SNCC concentrated for another year on an effort to have MFDP Congresswomen seated in the House of Representatives. Somehow a tactic had been transformed into a strategy.

None of this need have happened. The MFDP precinct, county, and state structures could have been fleshed out and turned into engines for multi-tactic agitation. What Stokely Carmichael later did in Lowndes County, Alabama—organizing to elect a tax assessor who would soak the plantations for revenue to build new schools and hospitals—could have been done all over Mississippi. Instead, despite the fact that it had finally become possible to work there in relative safety, SNCC organizers left the state.

Symbolic of the entire sequence of events was this episode: In July 1965 a call for draft resistance was sent out by young black people in McComb, Mississippi, the town where SNCC's voter registration work had started four years earlier. SNCC organizer and MFDP functionary Lawrence Guyot issued a statement in Washington disavowing the McComb initiative for fear that it would alienate liberal congressmen whose votes were needed to seat the MFDP candidates.

The same movie was run through again in 1968. No one can argue that the convention action was ineffective. But SDS destroyed itself by trying, until the Weatherman fiasco of October 1969, to duplicate what should have been written off as a three-day triumph.

THERE IS REASON IN THIS madness. A presidential election year forces movement organizers to confront the cumulative results of their work. The power structure which the movement seeks to overcome is national (and international) in scope. The reason for patiently laboring to register voters in Ruleville, to build block clubs in Newark, to find draft resisters in San Jose, or to stimulate job action in the Gary steel mills, is, after all, to contribute to a national movement strong enough to bring about changes in capitalist society as a whole. Between presidential election years, the organizer patiently adds his or her "widow's mite" in faith that other organizers in other places are doing the same thing. Every four years it becomes clear how few of those other organizers there really are; how many long since gave up the fight; how much of one's own energy, ascetically confined to a single small arena for maximum effect, may in fact have been wasted.

This shock of recognition is what

by Staughton Lynd

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makes movement organizers do strange things in election years.

Even though the forms of reaction may in themselves be difficult to justify, there is a fundamental rationality in the desire to be straight about whether we are really getting anywhere.

It is indeed maddening, after flights from Southern sheriffs, after prison terms, after losing jobs, rejecting parentally-sponsored careers, making lonely decision after lonely decision in the hope of doing honorable work and serving the general good, after watching innumerable new beginnings collapse, after picking up the pieces to try once again, after learning that politics means brickbats both from within and without the movement, and becoming hardened to this, and still going on; it is maddening after whatever version of this each one of us has experienced to watch some Democratic Party Johnny-come-lately rhetorically espouse the positions we labored to establish and garner the fruits of all our seeding.

This is what happens in presidential election years. So long as there is no multi-issue national movement presence, Democratic politicians will continue to benefit in this way from the energy released by the movement at a local level. And this is why, in presidential election years, the most patient organizers find themselves plotting apocalyptic super-events or planning national parties which are expected to come up in one night like magic mushrooms.

The quadrennial impulse to "go national" is accordingly a sane desire to make up somehow for the movement's impotence as a societal force. The question is whether the impulse can be disciplined so that it adds to, rather than destroys, ongoing work among particular people in particular places.

I think it is clear that the movement requires national organization. I think it is better to recognize this, and then try to make that national organization accountable to a base, than to deny it and have the repressed awareness of the need erupt each four years like volcanic lava. I think the next year or two can and should see the rebuilding of a national movement.

By what process should this happen? Let us consider three models: (1) The formation of national "sectoral" organizations which are then joined into a coalition; (2) The creation of a national electoral party; (3) The building of a national chapter organization like the old SDS or the present NUC but with a broader constituency.

DURING THE PAST year-and-a-half I helped to organize a coalition of community groups in the Calumet Region of northern Indiana and south Chicago. The lessons of this local experience, it appears to me, can also be applied to a hypothetical effort to build a national coalition.

The greater the degree to which the "umbrella organization" is built from pre-existing smaller organizations, the greater the likelihood that it will be ideologically flaccid and united only in mechanical ways. The so-called national peace movement, for instance, has existed for six years as an agency for setting dates for one-shot demonstrations. Were it to undertake anything more ambitious, it would instantly fall apart.

Pretty much the same thing is true of the local organization I worked on, the Calumet Community Congress. In the time-honored manner of Alinsky organizations, the CCC drew into its founding congress the parish councils, conservation clubs, and organized what-nots of the community. That founding congress was an impressive affair: 1000 delegates from 5 organizations, the picket captain at the Memorial Day Massacre as chairman, a stirring anti-corporate keynote speech by one of Ralph Nader's associates. When the dust had cleared, however, the new organization soon gravitated away from anti-corporate issues toward that staple of lowest-common-denominator politics, the corruption of elected officials.

Thus, while it might seem more "organic" for a national multi-issue organization to evolve from pre-existing single-issue organizations like the Medical Committee for Human Rights, there are pitfalls in this scenario. Precedent is on the side of a different approach. SDS, for instance, did not come into being as a coalition of student groups at Berkeley, Oberlin, Madison, and so on. These groups existed, and took part in the creation, but as one of the founding brothers put it to me recently: "The people at the University of Michigan decided to have a national organization."

Although this was an arbitrary way for an organization to begin, it at least offered something with a defined sense of direction that people could join. If chapter organizations are held accountable to their membership, they may be more democratic than coalitions which pull their constituent groups in directions which satisfy no one.

The most sensible approach, I think, is for a national chapter organization to start separately from existing single-issue (or single-constituency) structures, but to concentrate programmatically on issues neglected by these existing groups. Thus a new national organization might choose not to work on health at the outset, where MCHR was already active, but to begin by concentrating on, say, taxes and prices, where no Left organization is in the field. Such an approach would permit old and new organizations to live side-by-side and hopefully grow together over a period of time.

The program of a new organization must lay out many specific kinds of action which participants can take. The problem with electoral politics as a way to begin an organization is that the things it gives people to do—petitioning, speech-making, etc.—are so superficial. A party platform takes positions on issues rather than projecting rank-and-file action on issues. A new organization needs that kind of relation to its base, so that, when local groups move into action, they begin to think of themselves as chapters of the national organization. Just so, after the SDS-sponsored march against the Vietnam war in April 1965, student anti-war groups began to say to themselves: "We must be SDS chapters."

LET ME GIVE SOME examples of what I mean by "program" as distinct from "platform." If there is any one group of issues which will carry a new movement into existence just as the Vietnam war gave reality to SDS, it is the network of job-wage-tax-and-price concerns which newspeak commentators call "the economic issue."

President Nixon has just signalled

(Continued on Page 51)

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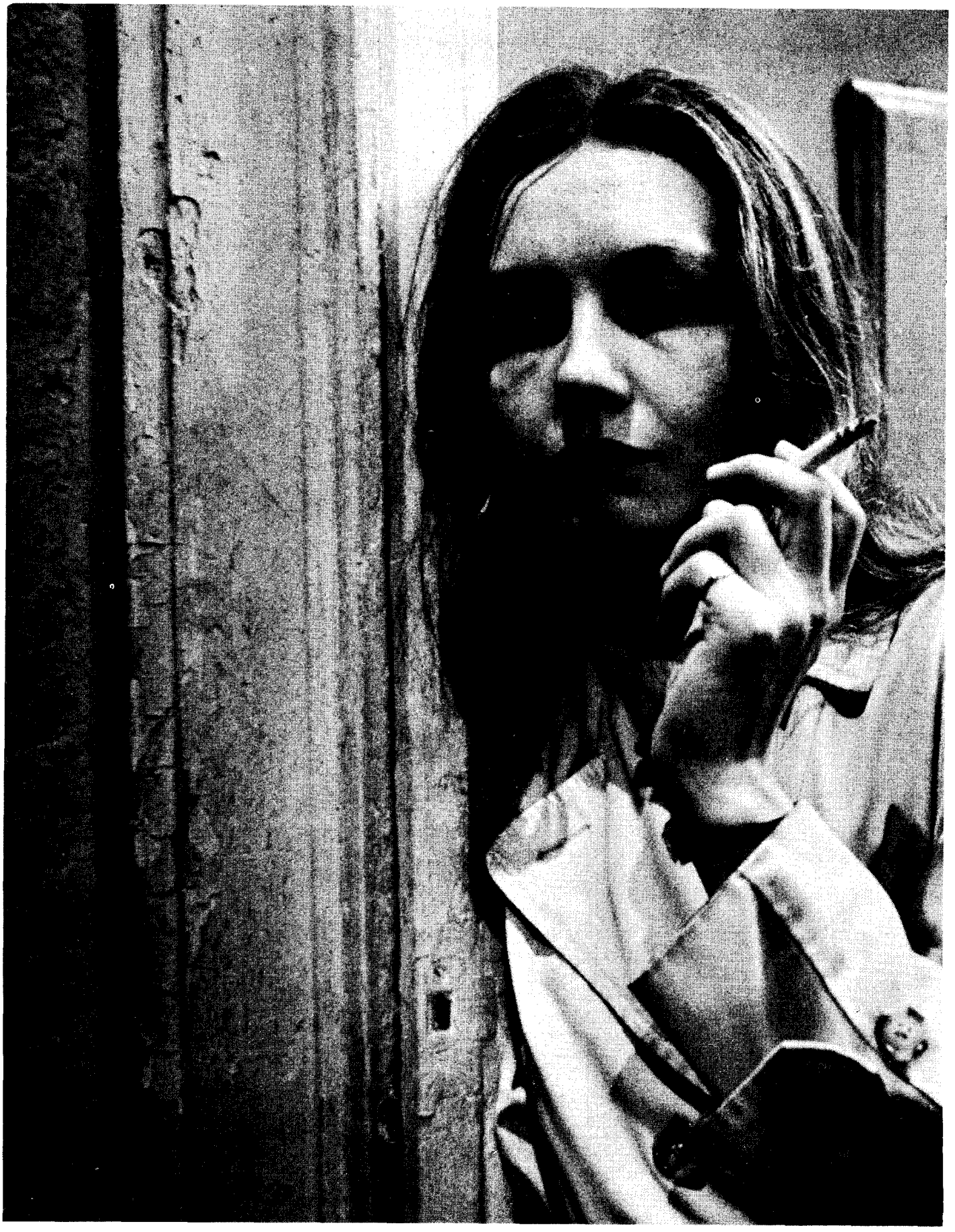

Photograph of above professional model by David Rose

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Carnal Knowledge: A Portrait of Four Hookers

by Kate Coleman

TO BE A PROSTITUTE, SO GOES THE *bourgeois adjuration of female morality, is a fate worse than death. A woman's virtue from time immemorial was, and still remains, her only inherent right—certainly in the not-too-distant past she had no legal ones—and once stripped of that, she was the same as dead. Rarely, if ever, was the man's complicity equally condemned.*

I had my own preconceptions about prostitution, shaped only minimally by a middle-class upbringing—more by having seen too many Suzy Wong flicks and by the myths surrounding Castro's liberation of the Havana whores. To be sure, hookers all over the world are economic and sociological victims; but I felt this view to be too one-dimensional for a situation in a country of plenty—more specifically, in New York City where I did my reporting.

While any imbecile would agree that a prostitute is exploited if she can only make a nickle a fuck, what about the high-class call girl who may earn from $50 to $100 a trick? Doesn't her vocation at least bring with it a measure of economic and sexual independence denied most women? Talking with call girls in Manhattan quickly dispelled the illusion that a hooker's earnings bought her liberation. As the conversations unfolded, it soon became apparent that high-class hookers are exploited as rigorously (if more subtly) as any street walker. For one thing, a considerable part of a hooker's earnings is, as a rule, siphoned off by pimps, drugs or rampant consumerism that is destructive of much more than the bank account. Moreover, as her youth and beauty fade (and often they disappear early because of a strong tendency towards drugs and alcoholism), the money she can command diminishes rapidly. There is, of course, no job security—certainly no job protection, pensions or other fringe benefits. Other hazards include a high rate of venereal disease as well as danger from clients who may be

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psychopaths. The movie "Klute" could well be a documentary of a berserk John attempting to murder a hooker. It happens, as do beatings and kidnappings.

Beyond these drawbacks, prostitutes rarely emerge psychologically unscathed. While attitudes toward them may have eased somewhat, hookers never gained real social acceptability—the inalienable right of the housewife. Moreover, a hooker's self-image as a woman suffers from the worst female stereotypes: submissive, in need of male protection, a heavy preoccupation with material goods, fit only for a fuck. And the stigma of prostitution reinforces this image by confining most hookers to the very narrow social mileu of other hookers, pimps and general "criminal" types. Few break out of this syndrome.

POLITICALLY AND SEXUALLY THE HOOKER *is at the mercy of masculine overlords. Pimps often control the hookers and the profits; Johns, or clients, demand their services—often odious; male police and male judges arrest the women and sentence them to prison; male legislators make the laws which condemn them. While many hookers tacitly support this system (many feel they want pimps and prefer that prostitution remain illegal to keep the prices up), most often it is their economic dilemma coupled with the psychologically damaging belief that they are not fit for anything else that keeps them in prostitution and unconscious of how they are used.*

The dozen or so hookers I spoke with, ranging from high-priced call girls to streetwalkers on heroin, became hookers and continued as such for a variety of reasons. Most disliked the work but few disliked the money—or more accurately, saw little chance of earning a comparable income in a more "respectable" profession. That some of them honestly believed prostitution offered them more personal freedom than did working as a nine-to-five drudge in a department store is eloquent testimony to the degree to which women lack control over the forces that shape their opportunities and their lives.

While I spoke with many hookers, I have narrowed my scope to four women—one of them a madame—because I, as a woman, was more interested in their individual lives as women and as hookers, than in making a vast survey of that profession. I hasten to point out that these women are not always typical, if there is such a thing as a typical hooker. For one thing, none of them had pimps when I interviewed them. Prostitutes with pimps who worked the theater district in Manhattan universally rebuffed all my attempts to interview them.

But, between the women I did speak with and myself, a rapport of honest disclosure, mutual respect and sympathy grew out of our talks. Put simply, I liked them. Meet four hookers.

* * *

ON THE NINETEENTH FLOOR OF A LUXURIOUS upper eastside apartment house, the late afternoon sun spills in through the venetian blinds, forming a tessellated patchwork of warm colors on the parquet floors. A tree-sized *Dracaena cane* plant looms over the large living room that gives the aura of a Florida room. The two-bedroom, $500-a-month apartment is a whore house catering to New York business men. After hours it is the residence of the madame in charge.

Clare is an ex-prostitute who hurdled the breach of middle age by turning proprietor of a thriving and lucrative business. A grandmother in her sixties, she was all the more remarkable for being a tardy entrant to prostitution at the age of 38, a widow after her second marriage and the mother of two grown-up sons. She was naive, she maintains, before her hooking days, but curious about the "other" side of life.

A gifted story teller, Clare is happy to volunteer her incongruous background, delighting in the paradox. In a husky, gruff voice—recognizable anywhere—that mixes her native Southwest twang with the static of bronchial congestion that presages emphysema, she reports, "I came from a very strict Baptist family . . . one of 13 children. If you took a cigarette you were a disgrace to the whole family." (She is a chain smoker now.) "It was walk the chalk when I was a girl and during my marriages it was the same thing. So when I got out on my own after my husband died, I just went hog wild."

She maintains hooking was something she "slipped into." Later she polished up her act. She was something special then, classy; and she for one was proud of her work. There were more than economic rewards: "I adored it," she says quickly, "every minute of it. It's the most fun I ever had in my whole life."

In her nostalgia for the good old supper club evening tricks in the 1940s she is reminiscent of a Hollywood hasbeen. But she departs from that cliche with her humor and near parodying of herself: "Oh, I was a helluva broad . . . elegant, I turned them on with my long blonde hair, and with my long fingernails which I still have, and with my boobs—I'll tell you, I was just like an IBM machine—the way I walked and spoke, everything smooth and clicking, and it followed me right into the bedroom."

The Clare of today still has hair down to her waist, but it is gray. She wears it tied up in brightly colored yarn, the same frippery echoed rather ludicrously on the forelock of her miniature lapdog. She wears no makeup on her freckled face save lipstick (worn à la Joan Crawford), and her one vanity is her exquisitely manicured nails. She is raucous, bawdy, and flamboyant; and hookers and clients alike dawdle at her dinette table to hear stories of being kidnapped by Bonnie and Clyde (attested to by a yellow, dog-eared clipping from a now defunct western newspaper) or of old tricks. She tells crude, corny jokes, but she draws laughs and customers regularly. "What's the difference between a young prostitute and an old prostitute?" she barks at a client. "A young prostitute uses vaseline; an old one uses polygrip!"

THE ENTERTAINING MADAME IS CONCERNED that others recognize her uniqueness, that they not lump her together with other madames whom she regards with loathing. "They're vicious; they're mean to the girls and they abuse them. I'm afraid of them, to tell you the truth," she confesses. Her own lack of callousness, she explains, is because she started hooking late in life—after a "normal" life as wife and mother. Otherwise she'd be "chewing nails," she speculates. One prostitute

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"I'm never alone except when I get into bed at night."

who works for Clare differentiates her from other madames by attributing a maternal instinct to her in her relationships with "her girls." But the madame denies such sensibilities: "I don't want no mother instinct," she insists. "Sure, I offer the girls good advice when they need it, but I can't afford to get involved with their problems." She will help out a hooker who is broke by letting her have an exclusive on working until she has earned what she wishes.

Without doubt, it *is* a business with Clare. Her high rent is more than justified by her earnings, at a minimum $600 every few days, tax free. The price of a trick—anywhere from $35 to $70 if she can get it—is divided equally with the hookers whom she calls in to work when they are needed. She is constantly looking for new girls—a replenished variety keeps her Johns happy—usually finding them through other hookers. She eliminates "troublesome" or aging hookers simply by not calling them in to work.

Troublesome girls (as opposed to those who don't look or talk right) are those whom she accuses of stealing from her by giving the client the hooker's home telephone to bypass Clare altogether, or by not sharing tips received in the privacy of the bedroom. Clare strikes an economic martyr's pose when questioned about the justice of dividing a trick equally since the hooker seems to do all the work. She justifies her equal share by pointing out that she is providing a clean, respectable place with a gentlemanly clientele who have been coming to her for years.

To insure against detection from the police Clare pays off the doorman and the building manager (the owners are oblivious). Every two or three years, she changes apartments and telephones, and in the process she drops clients whose business she no longer wants (either because they show violent tendencies or because they were paying too little money). It can be a dangerous business getting rid of a [illegible] always go to the police. Clare must always keep on the right side of these men, and so far she has managed to keep her business going without arrest. But she admits there have been some close calls.

Once outside the realm of business concerns, Clare's attitudes towards prostitution are muddled with anachronistic morality, class prejudices, and double standards. She maintains, for example, that the good or bad of prostitution depends solely on the girl herself—her self-respect and background—something of an oversimplification. "If you keep in good company, then you will have a nice clientele. I have only associated with gentlemen," she brags. "You've got to be able to pick out something in your own class." She insists that she "never did do anything trampy" when she was a high-class "broad," and that her list of clients was studded with such "gentlemanly" stars as P. T. Barnum, George F. Kaufman, Frank Lovejoy and Ed Begley. Clare is at pains to differentiate herself from "the others" and even from the girls who work for her.

The problem with her reasoning when applied to her employees is that it is Clare herself who screens the customers—and some of the clients do indeed ask the girls to do things that might pass for "tramp," if not "kinky." It only underscores her often bewildering double standard about prostitution: on the one hand she idealizes her own experience as a hooker; it was an exciting, even liberating way to escape the boredom of a sequestered life in Oklahoma. On the other hand she will admonish to no one in particular, "If you haven't started hooking, don't start—it's a habit-forming thing and very difficult to get out of because you get lazy and your mind is strictly on money." The hooker, she sums up simply, "forgets the finer things in life and is ruined for men because she sees only the one side of them."

Photographs: left by Jeff Brilliant, right by Steve Rose

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Her own life, she complains, affords her no privacy, consumed as it is with the business of prostitution to the exclusion of everything else. "Everytime the doorbell rings, I know what it is—*fuck and suck!* Everytime the phone rings, it's *fuck and suck!* I'm never alone except when I get into bed at night." A vivid image of the tired madame letting down her long gray hair after a long day, talking to her infinitesimally small dog, came into my mind—and, of the loneliness.

She has no friends outside her business, she claims, because she cannot "afford them." They could easily blow her scene. She speaks of her boredom with "the same old talk of prostitutes"—infections, money problems and pimps. The latter she calls "pimples" at every punning opportunity, for she considers them parasites. "I get tired of listening to it, honey," she intones. But, in the same breath she bounces back with gentle mockery, "But then, if you think about your family, it's just as boring. You've got to listen to all those squares talk to you."

The overriding impression of this woman, as compared to other prostitutes less than half her age, is that she does all right, despite the drawbacks of the trade. Her humor, and of course the money, keep her going.

* * *

DARK-EYED, OLIVE-SKINNED LAURIE calls herself a "strictly business" hooker. Her taut features and high-pitched voice reflect a nervous nature. She is pretty, but hard-edged. She wears a stiff, bouffant-style blonde wig. It's tidy, but overblown for her small face and incongruous with her dark coloring. I met her at Clare's and she readily agreed to an interview. It is something of a confession for her, a ritual offering of her sadnesses. She gives her age as "23 going on 90." She admits she lies to customers about her age, adding 3 or 4 years to her age because she looks it. Laurie is a hard-luck hooker.

Her life is a case history of misfortune and pain. Her mother abandoned her as a child, leaving her in the care of a stepfather who repeatedly raped her. Periodically her mother returned, only to leave again in the company of a boyfriend. "I used to worship her," Laurie says bitterly, "but I know now she's a dirty, lazy slut, and I hate her."

The early traumas were followed by two pre-pubescent nervous breakdowns: "I had terrible illusions . . . ah, delusions, and they thought they'd have to put me in the funny farm for good, but shock treatment helped." At 13 she left home. Since then she has spent five years in prison, has attempted suicide several times (her wrists bear mute testimony to this), has been pregnant three times, each terminating in miscarriages that followed violent beatings by different pimps—twice leaving her nearly dead. And she herself attempted to murder a pimp when, she says, "he pushed me to the point where I couldn't stand it no more and I lost control of myself." She claims her whole mind blacks out on these occasions. There are warrants out for her arrest in two states even now.

When I interviewed her, she had only recently run away from her third pimp because of a beating. Her remarks about pimps were echoed by many prostitutes. "I've been through it with pimps. They've beaten me with coat hangers, fists, with damn near everything. I don't have anything now. The pimps I was with walked away with cars, money, furniture, with everything I ever made. If I hadn't had a pimp, I wouldn't have to want for nothing. I could be havin' a lot of money in the bank today, a beautiful apartment—have what I needed if it wasn't for my own stupidity." She berates herself over and over, calling herself "the biggest fool that ever lived."

Laurie explains her penchant for pimps with disarming simplicity: it grew out of her overriding need for love. "In the beginning, you look for love, right? I never had love from anyone. So the first man who comes along treats you like a queen, sweet-talks you and says he wants to marry you and buy you a house . . . you fall for this and say 'this is what I want.' " She shakes her head. "I'm weak-minded; I'm very weak because I want love and understanding. If I had that, that's all I want."

While Laurie is emotionally unstable with pimp-boyfriends, she is a disciplined hooker. The irony with Laurie is the care and fastidiousness she devotes to her body when she is working. Many hookers neglect their bodies, contracting innumerable complaints and illnesses beyond the obvious venereal diseases. Religiously, Laurie visits a doctor once a week to make sure she's not infected. "If you're making the money," she exhorts, "there's no sense in not going for checkups. If you care enough about yourself, you'll do it, because," she says as she pats her mound beneath the flimsy wrap-around mini she lounges in between tricks, "this is my pride; this is my joy, and this is my money."

SHE WAS A WEALTH OF INFORMATION on the professional hygienic secrets of hooking—methods other hookers were often woefully ignorant of. She checks each client for the clap by a process she called "milking." This entails squeezing and pressing the male organ behind the scrotum and continuing the pressure all the way up to the head of the penis. If the man has the clap, she explains clinically, pus will emerge. She swabs the inside of her vagina with a towel after each trick, douching only once at the end of an evening; there is little time to do it more often and it is bad for the vaginal walls.

Laurie's cat-like daintiness extends to her customers. She insists that she be allowed to wash a man whom she is about to sleep with—even within the polished confines of Clare's establishment. "With me it's none of this 'you go into the bathroom like a grown boy and wash yourself' stuff, 'cause they don't do it. They'll sprinkle a little water and say they're clean," she says contemptuously, "but they're not." It's hot water and soap with Laurie and she maintains that it is indeed necessary: Some places I've worked, some guys will come in real cruddy, you know, their penis hasn't been clean for weeks. They call it 'cheese,' " she says graphically, wriggling up her nose.

Following her clinical ministrations, she magically clicks on the role of a John's "long lost lover." That's part of being a hooker: "You have to act like you're in love with them and tell them how good it is." It is far from good. She has "grown into the habit" of going to bed with a man without having orgasms. "I have no sensation or feeling, no

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nothing; I just go with the movement and that's all." Unlike some hookers, Laurie is not, in fact, perennially frigid (Clare confessed to this). She admits to "feeling good" on those exceedingly rare instances when she comes across a good lover. "Most of them make me sick, though," she says. And then philosophically. "Most Johns have a nasty attitude about sex; they abuse it. You know, sex is beautiful when it's used right."

But she has seen sex under a prism of distortion. It is a commodity. The client she had slept with immediately prior to my arrival disgusted her—"It's the way he was slobbering all over you, and wanting to stick his tongue all the way down your mouth till you want to vomit. And then he wants to eat your flowers—go down on you—and I don't usually mind, but he was rough and you can feel his teeth." And this was just a regular John, yet it still turned her off. When the magic act of flattery in bed is finished, hookers reveal their widespread alienation from the consumers who use their services.

Her contempt for Johns is somewhat shaped by the nature of the sexual needs they bring to the hooker, but don't dare manifest to their wives. "They don't want their wives to know they're cold freaks," she explains. "They bring their sex hang-ups to us." What are they? Without a trace of embarrassment, Laurie catalogued the hidden desires of clients which justified for her the generic name of "cold freak."

"A lot of men like to be intercoursed in the rectum by a dildo or candle. They like to be licked at their ass—which I won't do," she added vehemently. "I don't care one damn bit about their dirty ass . . . make me stick my mouth up their ass, no sir." And then there are the masochists who want to be tortured, abused, tied up. Laurie doesn't mind that part at all, but points out that "sometimes it gets to be ridiculous and you're scared to death you might damage some part of their body—but this is what they want."

The most grotesque story she told was set in a cheap $10-minimum house she used to work for. This particular John, however, was a $100 trick. Initially, the six-foot stocky man asked Laurie to hang him out of an upper-story window tied by his feet. She says she refused: "I said, 'Shit, I'm not killin' you and going to jail.' "

His alternative plan, however, was hardly less incredible, as it called for gruesome sexual abuse. "He loved torture; he was strictly pain," she began. Following the blueprint of his instructions, she tied his feet and hands to the bed posts securely. The accoutrements to his unnatural pleasures included a sinister skein of wire which he ordered Laurie to tie as tight as she could around his penis—"I don't know how he could stand it," she said shaking her head in disbelief. "Then I had to pull the wire cord with his penis in it and stretch it like a rubber ball and tie it to the rope around his feet. I also had to put clip-on earrings on his titties—you know, the long dangly kind, and then snatch them off real hard so it pinched him." He also ordered her to squash his testicles—"pinch them as hard as I could, strictly pain."

The second installment, as planned, called for Laurie's temporary departure to turn another trick, leaving her cold freak in the room, tied up and struggling. "This is just what he wants, you see, and when I finished with the second, I'd have to come back to the freak and sit on his face. Do you believe it," she queried, her voice rising, "while he's laying there, I'd sit on him and he'd eat the other man's come from me." Following this, she untied him and he masturbated. Intercourse was never called for. "Screwing wasn't involved, 'cause his penis wouldn't get hard. All the gristle and shit in his penis was gone," she said with disgust, "damaged from being stretched so much . . . it was just like a dead banana."

And over and over again, like a church litany, Laurie asserts that she is only in it for the money and does not like the work itself. The sex itself is distasteful; it is a job, not a labor of love. The worker in this case truly becomes alienated from the product. Laurie said that even with her current boyfriend, who she claimed turned her on at times and was good in bed, she often found herself begging him not to touch her, finding all kinds of lies and excuses to avoid further sexual performance. "Being around men so much gets you sick of them," she confided, "and you say, "Aw shit. I don't want to be bothered with another man. Fuck it; I don't want to be a prostitute and to hell with the money.' "

But when you ask Laurie why she doesn't quit and try something else, she answers miserably that she is unfit for anything else: " 'Once a prostitute, always a prostitute,' and believe me, that's the truth!" Once she tried to go "straight" as a bar maid, earning $56 for one week's work. But the knowledge of her earning power as a hooker made the saloon job short lived. "I tried, I really did," she apologizes, "but I can't live off of that after being used to making as much as $500 a week. It's just impossible."

Not just the money, but the whole life style is difficult to break out of. "You get used to just laying around after you get off from work, and you're used to doing what you want to do—go to bed, sleep all day, all night, whatever; you just do it. Or you party day and night. And after so many years of just doin' this and then thinking about punching a card and getting up at six o'clock in the morning, and standing on your feet all day, you say you just can't do it. You can forget it."

Laurie, who worked in a shoe factory briefly before becoming a hooker, finds it easier to sell the commodity of her body than to face hours of regimented, underpaid, meaningless, unskilled labor. Unfortunately, she is boxed in by an unsatisfactory alternative. Her dilemma about hooking—the money versus her own revulsion—is shared by many prostitutes. Broke again now, Laurie asserts she would try her "damndest to stick to a regular job," if, that is, she has a lot of money to bankroll the changeover. But then, all the prostitutes I spoke to were going to quit after a while.

For all her dislike of prostitution, and by extension, herself, far more of her contempt is reserved for the Johns who pay her: "I'll always say it; Johns are fools. They're just suckers to me. I know I'm a prostitute," she says defiantly. "I take their money, but if they're fool enough to give, I'm fool enough to accept. I'll accept anything as far as money and material things are concerned that do me good." Why are Johns fools? Her answer was devastating: "They're bigger fools than us because I feel as though *any*

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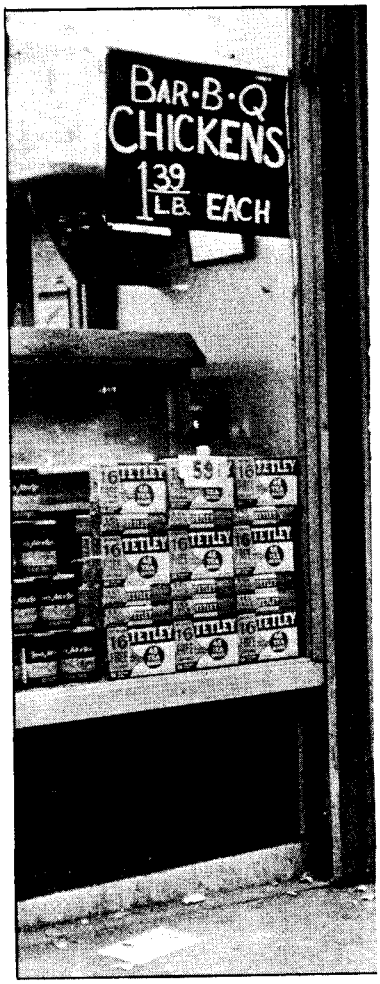

man could get *any* woman they want for a girlfriend if they tried hard enough—and I mean decent girls (not that we aren't; we're a different class than street whores). And if they only made an effort with a girl, they wouldn't have to come here and pay for it." Why hasn't she been able to win a love for herself? "All my life," she sighs fatalistically, "I've known the wrong people."

* * *

IT WAS A SUBLIME COMBINATION of boredom, sexual curiosity à la "Belle du Jour," and temporary pecuniary distress which led willowy 21-year-old Janette to play hookey from college for hooking in the city. She is the opposite in every respect from the stereotyped vision of a brassy prostitute. She looks like the perfect contemporary ingenue—a *Life* portrait of the ideal flower child. Tall and sinewy, a shy doe of a girl, she has long thick brown hair, a scrubbed freckled face with soft brown eyes and a baby-bud mouth.

Janette's background is as unlikely as her appearance in the hard-edged world of hooking: she is the only daughter of upper-middle class, suburban New York parents. She described her engineer father as "straight, conservative and completely Republican." Her childhood was apparently normal and uneventful, wiled away in public schools and private summer camps. For two years she attended a women's college in the Midwest, later transferring to a coeducational university in New England and majoring in biological sciences.

For a year or so she lived the double life as coed and hooker, finally leaving school permanently to live and work in New York at her new profession. What led her to try it in the first place? "I had always been very curious about hooking, always had fantasies about being a whore and sleeping with older men. And of course it was a way of making money, but I wouldn't have done it just for that reason," she asserts. "That I want to make perfectly clear." Although she had not been a virgin since she was 17, she found college boys sexually tedious, too much the same. "Hooking seemed to me to be a nice way to sleep with a whole bunch of people and to experiment sexually. I couldn't do that with the guys back home; they just didn't satisfy me that much."

Initially she saw her new role as a "goof." She began by enlisting a "friend-of-a-friend" to direct clients her way for a healthy percentage of the first date. For these dates, Janette was usually earning $100 an evening. While she found her first week during a spring vacation awkward and trying—pointedly complaining of one "hideously ugly old man" with an oversized member that aroused in her nothing but pain and repugnance—she later found prostitution rewarding in unlooked-for ways. "To put it simply, I had

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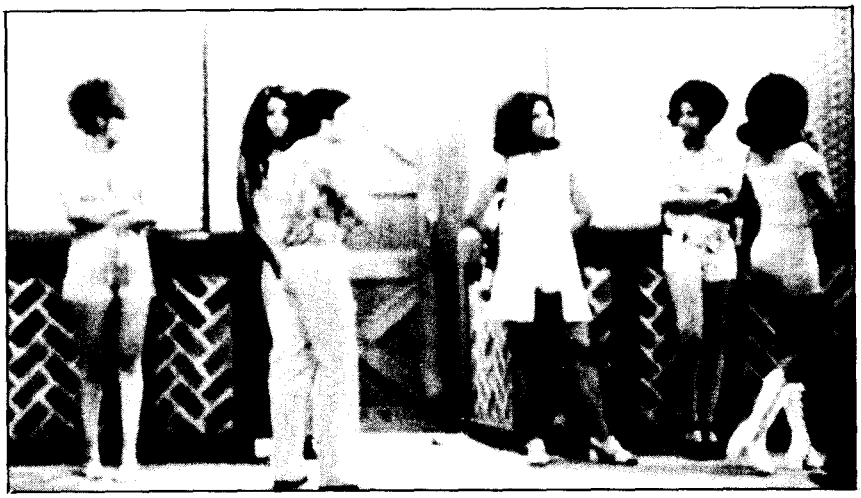

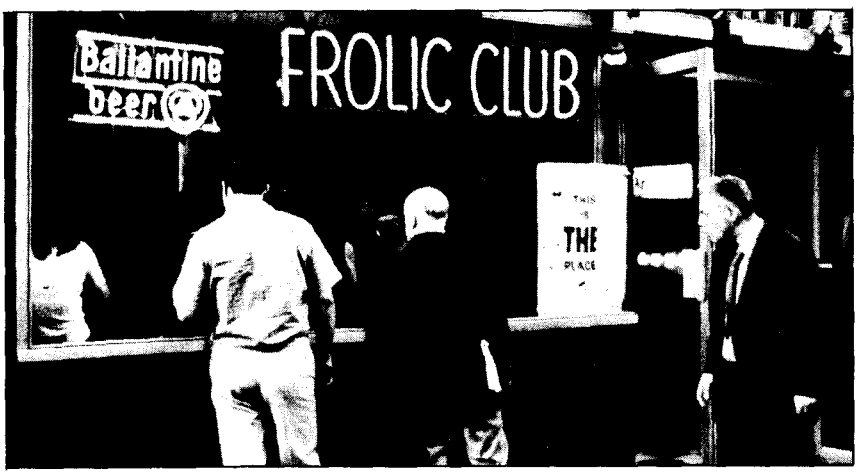

orgasms—real ones, and that is why I continued with hooking. I got so much more satisfaction out of doing tricks than with the guys at home. I never would have thought beforehand that hooking would be the way to have orgasms all day," she chuckles. "My fantasies about being a whore were limited to experiencing different kinds of men—not to having orgasms with them." The orgasm for Janette proved a surprise dividend. In experiencing orgasm, particularly in her work, she is a rarity among hookers.

Her attitude also differs from that of most hookers. She has none of Clare's professional pride in doing a job well; she's indifferent if she pleased someone or not. Nor does she hold Laurie's business-is-business view, although she often portrays a roseate—even cavalier—existence of sexual pleasure that is not always consistent with other parts of her narrative.

But it is true that this unorthodox co-ed often malingered in the dalliance of the bedroom to seek her own sexual fulfillment. "I never slept with a guy where I would have to satisfy him or do what he wanted," she bragged. "They would always ask me what *I* wanted and I would usually tell them to eat me until I came, and they actually satisfied me even though it took a long time to make me happy. Then after I came, they'd usually fuck me real fast. It's really very different from what most whores do," she offered philosophically. True enough, as I found from my interviews: without being too obvious, most prostitutes are intent on making a client ejaculate as quickly as possible. Personal pleasure-seeking would be viewed by them as a bad business practice, even if possible.

FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH Janette revealed that she is guilty of hyperbole in maintaining she always received satisfaction from tricks. She tells numerous stories of clients whose demands yielded little room for her own sexual enjoyment. Sometimes there was no sex at all. One such case afforded her much amusement however. She describes the client as 27 years old, rich, a bachelor and Jewish. Little in the way of work was required by the client, who offered Janette a glass of wine, her choice of stereo music and a comfortable seat in a velvet wing-backed chair. "This guy was into a master-slave thing and you did not even have to take off your clothes—just sit there sipping your wine and ordering him to fuck something—anything at all." The object of the game (during which she was not required to so much as remove her clothes) was to abuse him verbally, urging him to climax. For each time he ejaculated, he paid her $25. "Once I told him to fuck the TV screen," she reminisces, "but to wait till the picture came on before he came. Another time I told him to fuck his fleece-lined slipper." It amused Janete "to think of him getting it dirty like that."

Like other hookers, Janette relishes the telling of stories of sensational tricks. Part of this is to please me, the inter-

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viewer, but she, like other hookers I spoke to, has a predilection for John stories which make them out to be creepy while enhancing her own prestige.

The money she has earned is secondary to the "trip." When she was working, she was earning as much as $1500 a week, seeing four or five Johns a day. Questioning Janette as to where her earnings went produces a shrug and a response that she spent it on clothes, psychedelic drugs, or simply gave it away to friends. "I had no reason to save money," she says in explanation of her having no money today, "and furthermore, it seemed like it was ridiculous for them to pay me for something I would do anyway. I mean, I never had to earn it." Hers is a Puritan ethic in reverse: the money means nothing because it didn't involve "work" —i.e., she didn't deserve the money. Other hookers also displayed the easy-come-easy-go approach to the money they earned selling their bodies. Moreover, blowing money often provides hookers with a simple reward system that releases them from the tension and latent guilt of working as a prostitute.

Janette's carelessness about money was echoed in her lack of concern about hygiene. She admits that she never checked clients for venereal disease, or washed them. Her hypothesis is that most clients are married and therefore clean. As a result of her neglect, she has had a nagging and irritating low-grade venereal infection of one kind or another for the duration of the time she has worked. Currently, she has stopped hooking; one of the reasons she offers is the constant infection, and the other is her final disillusion and boredom with the whole life style.

Working at a "straight" job, she is refusing to go back to prostitution despite her claims of poverty. One suspects she is afraid of prostitution becoming her whole life. "It was nice for a while to spend all afternoon just coming," she says wistfully, "but it makes for a very boring existence. It tires you out and you don't have the energy or desire to do anything but spend all day in bed sleeping; you're just too wasted to do anything, and it makes you half a person."

Janette may have been lazy about her work. But Clare, for whom Janette worked on those occasions when she wanted to meet new men, says of Janette that she is an all-time winner at her house: "If they were all like her, we'd be rich. She's a real nut for sex; she used to stay in the bedroom for an hour and I'd have to go and get her out of there. But the guys just loved her," she concludes. Janette maintains her sex life has improved since she quit hooking. "I don't sleep with so many people anymore so it means more. I take my time to make sure it's nicer—for him and for me . . . no more strange positions just for the sake of being strange."

* * *

DOWN ON THIRD AVENUE and Twelfth Street, it is light years away from Clare's airy apartment or Janette's littered loft. The northwest corner in front of the tacky dinette and dingy bar is populated day and night with drunks wandered off-course from the Bowery, junkies on the nod and street hookers also on heroin. Their pimps are often indistinguishable from the rest of the rag-tag army that loiters there. The scruffy hotels where hookers take their clients for $6 a room are found on the side streets. These hotels and the pavements in front of them are often the scenes of muggings, knifings and murders. Third and Twelfth is reserved almost exclusively for black hookers, or for those white hookers with black boyfriends or pimps. A white prostitute attempting to break into the business there is warned only once to move on to another block. A subsequent visit has been known to land a contender in Bellevue Hospital.

Lenora is a 22-year-old, Harlem-born mother of two-year-old twin girls. She is a diminutive, wiry-limbed street walker, who waits for tricks against cars and parking meters in a pink jersey mini-dress that highlights her near black skin. Around her neck she wears an oversized rhinestone cross. Her dress is torn and stained in a few places. Lenora married her childhood sweetheart when she was 15 years old, but is now a widow; her husband was killed in Vietnam in the spring of 1967. She was the only girl in a family of 16 boys, raised by her grandmother. ("I went to church every Sunday and Tuesday night when I was a kid. 'Course I didn't mind goin' when I was younger 'cause they gives you money; but when you get big, well then they don't give you the money to go no more.")

The young widow's mother takes care of the twin daughters when Lenora is working. She hedges when you ask her if her mother knows what she does for a living: "No, I tell her I be in the street, you know, outside. I mean I'm grown. She won't bother me just as long as I take care of my kids. It's not no every day thing with me," she quickly adds. "I work when I want to work." She has only herself and her two girls to support and has never had a pimp: "I don't believe in giving no man no money. They don't take half your money; they take *all*." She has, however, a different kind of silent partner—junk. Her habit is currently costing her only $30 a day as she recently kicked after 28 days in the hospital. At other times, her habit has cost her upwards of $60.

Lenora's hustling actually began before she became a junkie: she was 17 and still living with her engineering student husband. Unbeknown to her husband, she would hustle occasionally for something special, like a new dress. "He woulda killed me if he knew," she half sighs, half laughs. "He woulda given me anything I want, but I didn't want to ask him for it. When he'd see me in a new dress and ask about the money, I'd lie and say I stole it." Stealing, she intimates, was more acceptable than hustling—the latter she claims was infrequent in those days.

The bubble began to burst when the FBI broke down the door of their apartment and took her husband away for avoiding the draft—he had done it haphazardly. Lenora believes her husband never should have served, that he was drafted because of racism. "Now excuse what I'm going to say," she says shyly, "but they're quicker to draft a black person than a whitey. My husband had rheumatic fever ever since he was a child. He was always having to take these big white pills every morning, but they felt as though he was well enough and they said if he could play

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ball and everything, he was well enough to go in the service and get killed."

When the FBI agents broke in, Lenora physically assaulted them and was subsequently arrested. In court she cursed and threatened to kill the judge, who in turn sentenced her to two weeks of observation at Rockland State Hospital. According to Lenora, the two weeks dragged into six months, because of her truculence before the judge on each succeeding court appearance. "I called him a liar and he say 'order' and I said 'fuck order, why you gonna listen to a white man and not to me!' They say I'm mentally disturbed, but that judge just didn't listen to me, and it made me mad and I kept on threatening the judge—and you know, you *gotta* be crazy to threaten a judge," she says, laughing at herself. "So they kept putting me away." Her mother ultimately prevailed upon her to apologize and she was released. "I don't kiss nobody's ass but I did that day. You understand if I'd a done that in the beginning I woulda been free." I had private visions of a gagged and bound Bobby Seale.

While imprisoned in the hospital, she received notice that her husband had been shot and killed in the war. Her reason for living almost ended. "I loved him more than I loved my mother," she says in fevered tones. "He's the only thing that ever meant something to me and when he died I felt like I lost everything—which I did. Like if I didn't have my kids, I'd wish I was dead too."

SHE BLAMES THE GOVERNMENT for her husband's death and sees the money they give her as their way of trying to buy her off. "They can go to hell with their money," she says with bruised anger. "When they gave me the money, I just gave it to my mother and let her put it in the bank for my kids. I don't even want it; it's not going to bring him back." She prefers, she says, to come out in the street and hustle for her money.

Bitter and grieving, Lenora pointedly took heroin with a vengeance the very first day she was released from the state hospital, the day of her last court appearance. She was almost 19 at the time and overdosed so badly she almost died—"OD-ing didn't stop me, I still got high." She has been on junk ever since. Hooking has become the necessary handmaiden to keep her habit going and to provide an income to survive.

Like many others, Lenora discusses prostitution as a lesser evil. She doesn't like it, but it beats any other realistic way for her to make money. For her especially, hustling is distasteful because of her children. "I feel bad about it; I think anybody who feels anything would feel that way if they got a kid. I don't want to be doing this all my life," she says quietly, lowering her eyes for a moment. "Like my kids is two years old and I don't want them to find out what I'm doing, but it is quick money." Her sorties into the straight job market as a typist were disastrous and ended in dismissal because of her inability to take orders.

By hustling she avoids bosses and begging and is paid between $10 and $20 a trick. She has never enjoyed the sex part of it, however, and from her other comments I suspect she is frigid altogether. In large part this may be attributable to the junk. The working part is unenjoyable for her. She explains her attitude this way: "All I'm thinkin' is hurry up. Once I get that money, I really don't want to do nothing at all and I'm ready to leave, but 'course you can't do that."

But sometimes she does and I discover that while she has pride and scruples about asking for handouts of one sort or another, her moral code does not prevent her from stealing from Johns. "Sure I rob them—whenever I get the chance," she answers frankly. Does she hold them up or try to sneak it, I ask her naively. "Anyway I can do it. I try to be decent and sneak," she laughs, her shiny face lit up at her witticism. Asked if she goes after money or watches, she counters, "Money, 'course money, what can I do with a watch. I take a watch only after I done took everything else." Often she simply grabs a John's pants, wallet and all, and sprints out the door, dropping off his pants and empty wallet on her way downstairs. Miraculously, some of the customers she has robbed return to her. "Some of them are just freaks for getting beat," she explains.

When she is not robbing a client and actually goes through with a sexual act, Lenora is strict about what she will do. Even where a John offers more, she will not, for example, allow Johns to enter her anally: "I wasn't born to fuck like that," she says angrily. Nor will she allow a John to perform cunnilingus on her (other hookers forbid this also, but they do so because it is too time consuming and a wasted effort; the girls rarely climax anyway, they say) because she claims, "if a man eats you too much, they can suck down your womb, and I'm too scared to let a man do that. It messes up a woman's insides and her womb can tilt or she can get sores."

As proof of her misinformation, she cites the case of a fellow hooker who only recently permitted a John just that; the outcome was disastrous; "He ate her so, he bit the tip off of her clitoris." Her anger mounts at this aspect of her trade and she slams the table in punctuation. "So many men out here, you know they'd rather do that than fuck you . . . suck suck suck, that's all they want to do; but I won't let them since I know about them sucking down your womb."

Aside from the distasteful aspects of sex, as a street hooker Lenora has to face the constant threat of an arrest. On one occasion, however, Lenora defended herself in court and the case against her was dismissed. Since the arresting officer had actually gone to bed with her—she testified that he wore red and white striped drawers—he was guilty of complicity before the law.

But the danger and other disadvantages of hooking go side by side with heroin at this point. Lenora claims she has money in the bank but that she hasn't decided what to do with it. She admits to feeling "disrespectful" hustling, calls it "a very low life thing," but cannot escape the hanging out-heroin-hustling life style. Asking her if she aspires to remarriage evokes her cynical answer that there is no man "out there" whom she wants, and if there were one, he could not put up with Lenora. Moreover, "I don't like sex much; it's not on my mind. I have a lot of male friends —I don't like women much—but I don't like to sleep with them."

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The only other life she has is with her children whom she clearly loves very much. Sadly her own life and history may carry out a generational pattern. She speaks, for example, of having to whip one of her toddling twin daughters because that one is simply bad. "But you don't understand," she says when I talk of the bad effects of beating children. "My bad girl isn't dumb like you and I was when we were kids; she's the devil and she got to mind." And she reminds you that her 16 older brothers beat her frequently. Tragically the cycle is perpetuated.

* * *

DURING THE COURSE OF MY INTERVIEWS, a number of call girls generously offered me their "John Book," playfully urging me to gain first-hand knowledge of the subject. Certainly the idea of doing so had crossed my mind, but I rejected it. It was not in keeping with my own philosophical commitment to sexual freedom. Moreover, I did not feel a serious lack of verisimilitude in my reporting—far from it. I felt that my sex *increased* the odds for truth because I could not be viewed as a potential customer. I had always felt there was a false note in the accounts of Henry Miller, for example, when he wrote of whores in his own self-congratulatory bravado. I found myself silently screaming at him, "Bully for you, so the whores love you and you get it for free; big deal, you still don't know their private vision." Furthermore, while harboring a commitment to involved journalism (as opposed to the great American myth of objective reporting), the idea of doing a George Plimpton-on-the-job-reportage-number seemed absurd in the case of prostitution, where backgrounds and life styles seem inseparable from the profession.

With all these thoughts firmly imprinted upon my conscious mind, I nevertheless found myself turning a trick at Clare's. The circumstances were these: on one of my visits I was introduced to a John who was distinguished from her otherwise one-dimensional clientele by being young, urbane and marked with modish good looks. He was a charmer, in fact. He and two hookers teased me for never having fucked for money. The John was mockingly incredulous: "You mean you've never even done it for a trip or presents, let alone money?" Feeling playful, I answered with joking coyness, "I wouldn't mind if they were all as cute as you." Well why didn't I, they dared. He would be honored to be my first trick, he offered cavalierly. It would help my reporting, they chorused. A flip remark of mine took on the aura of a nun's vows. I said I would think about it and went home to ponder an indulgence or flight of fancy masquerading as research, with Janette's words doing a replay in my head: "I would have slept with them anyway."

On the appointed day I scrubbed my privates in the shower and dressed with all the nervousness of a 1950s high school bunny on her way to the senior prom. I smoked a joint in the manner of some ancient *fedayee* who toked his hash for courage in the name of Allah before he went into battle. At Clare's, after drinking coffee and conversing in a manner embarrassingly close to the slick banalities of a singles' bar, Clare chased my John and me into the bedroom, dropping off two towels and backing out as unobtrusively as Cleopatra's Nubian handmaiden.

It was just a bedroom, the bed made up with brilliant daffodil sheets, but both of us scrupulously avoided looking at the bed for some reason as we snuggled and groped like two awkward adolescents in the middle of the floor. The John, a photographer in his thirties, had frequented Clare's for years as a means of being faithful to his wife. (Some faith!) He was most assured with hookers, but less so with a journalist. Seemingly reluctant to make a move towards the bed, the John's patina of suavity and charm began to diminish and I suddenly had the feeling I was in a bedroom with a nervous novice.

Such proved not the case, I am happy to relate. His magnificent pre-coitus attentions were of a pre-industrial era: slow and deliberately aesthetic, sensitive and with just the right mixture of exploration, crafted with the highly trained fingertips and mouth of a master who had paid his dues, first as apprentice and then as journeyman. No instant or so-called spontaneous artist he. My decision seemed amply justified in the stunning pleasure I derived with Clare's client in Clare's whorehouse.

The only blights on our pleasure was my anxiety about taking too much time (there are only two bedrooms and the efficient madame had told me that the day was going to be a busy one), and a few anal retentive gnawings that we would sully the sheets and mattress with seminal fluids. We had already torn the bed apart; the rubber safety sheet lay in a crumpled mass on the floor. Laurie once told me that a girl who messed up the sheets was a sloppy and unprofessional hooker.

Lovely, lovely, I thought as we later emerged from the bedroom. He kissed me goodbye, graciously sounding my praises to a beaming Clare. I floated to her table and joined two new Johns and the other women for a cup of coffee. I hardly noticed the new clients—lost and still glowing from orgasm. Suddenly, I heard myself addressed by one of the Johns. I looked up and saw paunch, shiny suit and horned rimmed glasses on a doughy face. Omigod, he's asking me to go into the bedroom with him—*with him!* I stuttered my refusal with Clare's assisting explanation that I was not working. "But didn't I just see her come out of the bedroom with that guy?" the bespectacled John asked, slightly outraged. The other hookers urged me to go with him, but I was adamant. The whole idea of going to bed again with anyone save my John was at that moment most repulsive. And this man was flaccid, gross and wore an American flag pin in his lapel—a complete turn-off.

One of the hookers chided me. "But you see, that's the point; your research is unreal . . . you do not have the right to refuse. You don't have that kind of freedom of choice." Had I any vestigial doubts, she had dispelled them. The full implications were clear. I took my $25 from Clare; red-faced I bolted for the door. Hi-ho the phony hooker. The following day I somehow managed to blow the money on a huge and ridiculous plant with furry leaves for an apartment I did not even live in.

Kate Coleman, formerly with Newsweek, *is a free-lance writer now working with Video Free America.*

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Behind the Cancer Campaign

ON MAY 11, WHEN PRESIDENT NIXON dramatically announced his new $334 million-a-year "Cure Cancer Program," he mentioned with sadness some past victims of the disease: his beloved Aunt Elizabeth ("my mother's, I believe, favorite sister"); Robert Taft, the right-wing senator from Ohio; and John Foster Dulles, father of the cold war. If the performance was not as maudlin as the celebrated Checkers speech, it was still filled with pious assurances that this Administration would do epic battle with this dread disease. Cancer is a cruel affliction, but crueller by far are the ways in which politicians can use it.

American politics operates at its best when fueled by fear, and few things evoke a more universal fear in Americans than cancer. The word conjures up visions not just of certain death, but of a slow, painful, lonely, and expensive death. So cancer is a natural for a major political issue, and it is no surprise that members of Congress have now seized the opportunity to take a forceful and courageous stand against malignancy. Soon the coffers of the cancer research establishment will be stuffed to overflowing as the government attempts to apply, in Nixon's words, "the same kind of concentrated effort that split the atom and took man to the moon . . . toward conquering this dread disease." Yet for all the brave talk, it is clear that the Cure Cancer Campaign and the money given out to researchers are no more likely to solve the cancer problem than cries of law and order and increased budgets for police departments and the FBI will cut down on the incidence of crime.

by Robert Bazell

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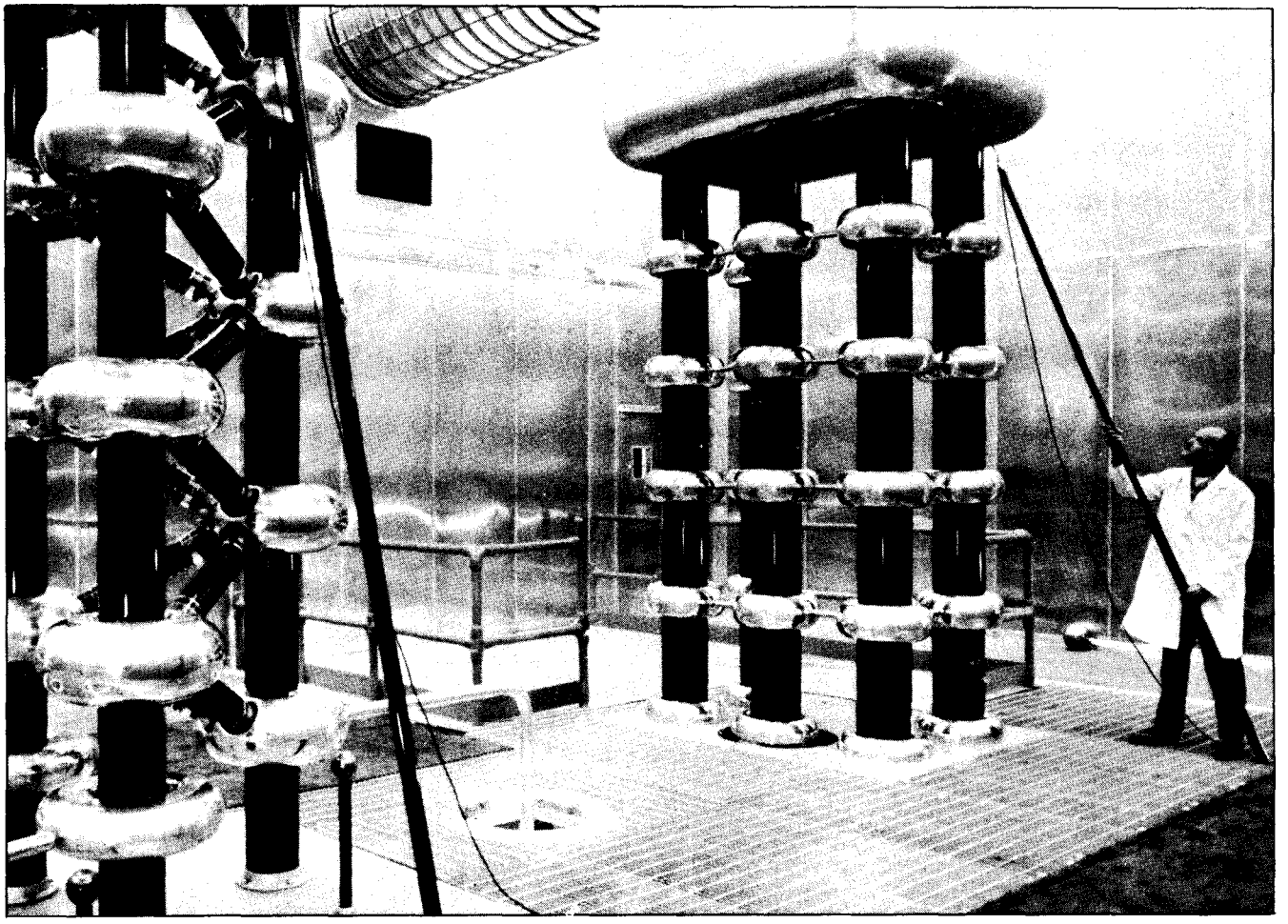

The problem with Nixon's cancer campaign is not just —as some critics have charged—that lots of money is being spent and won't buy scientific results. It goes much deeper. The cancer campaign is an integral part of America's massive Research and Development enterprise and of the nation's system of health care—and it illustrates some of the worst aspects of both. For one thing, the government's current rush to pump money into cancer research resulted from a well-financed lobbying and public relations effort. Money rather than people's health needs dictates the priorities.

THE PRIME MOVER BEHIND the push for more cancer money is Mrs. Mary Lasker, a wealthy New York socialite who has for the past 25 years skillfully built and molded this country's multi-billion dollar health research enterprise to her own public-spirited specifications. In 1942, Mrs. Lasker's late husband, Albert, one of the first and most successful of the advertising czars, sold his business holdings and established the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation to pry funds for health research out of the federal government. Mrs. Lasker picked up the torch when her husband died of cancer in 1952.

Among the more notable achievements of Mrs. Lasker and her allies is the National Institutes of Health (NIH), which in addition to supporting extensive research at its massive facility in Bethesda, Maryland, provides the funds for the medical research in almost every university in the country. In 1944, the NIH was a small-time operation with a budget of $2.5 million. Because of the Lasker lobby's efforts, the NIH budget has expanded year after year to its present annual level of $1.9 billion.

Lobbying for health research is a comparatively easy task since any recalcitrant lawmaker can be portrayed as favoring disease, and the techniques used by Mary Lasker and her associates differ little from those of any small group trying to get its way with the government. Mrs. Lasker has long been a substantial source of campaign funds, particularly for Democrats. In 1968, for example, she gave nearly $60,000 to Hubert Humphrey. She employs a full-time lobbyist in Washington, and her close associate Florence Mahoney entertains the powerful and the influential in her Georgetown mansion while pushing Lasker causes. Through the use of advertising techniques such as the publication of a number of books and pamphlets, she stresses both the personal disaster of sudden disease and the fact that health research is a wise investment because it cuts down on costs such as health care and employee-hours lost on the job.

During the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, Mrs. Lasker enjoyed such ready access to the White House that her Washington lobbyist wrote many of the Presidential speeches on health matters. The presence of a Republican

Using atomic energy the $64 million Los Alamos Proton Accelerator provides a means of destroying cancer cells.

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in the White House called for a slightly more subtle strategy in the assault against cancer. So the Laskerites joined forces with the American Cancer Society, which, like many other charity organizations, provides a source of public-spirited recreation for the rich. Through the auspices of the Cancer Society, three influential Republicans —Benno Schmidt, a New York investment banker, Laurence Rockefeller, and Elmer Bobst, president of the gigantic Warner-Lambert pharmaceutical company and a long-time backer of Nixon campaigns—found their way onto the "Panel of Consultants" that first set out the Lasker scheme for a conquest of cancer. Bobst, 86 years old and still going strong, even paid Nixon a few visits to demand that he support the program.

The combination of the businessmen in the Republican camp and Mary Lasker's clout with the Democrats worked like a perfect one-two punch. The Conquest of Cancer Campaign was first officially proposed by Senator Ralph Yarborough and then championed by Teddy Kennedy after Yarborough was defeated in 1970. Kennedy was never all that enthusiastic about the whole thing, but as his chief health aide put it, "we just can't lose on this one." Because he didn't want to help Kennedy's image, Nixon at first hesitated, but Elmer Bobst brought him into line and the Cure Cancer Program, despite some last-minute lobbying against the bill in the House primarily by the American Association of Medical Colleges, will soon be the law of the land.

FOR MARY LASKER AND HER ASSOCIATES, the push to cure cancer stems from two of their oldest notions about the future and the priorities of health care—both of which have ominous implications. The first is an emphasis on the degenerative diseases, those stemming primarily from internal rather than external causes. Heart disease and cancer have always appeared at the top of the Lasker list of things that need to be "cured," and the distribution of funds available for health research reflects the Lasker lobby's priorities—the lion's share of funds in the NIH goes to the Heart Institute and the Cancer Institute. Laskerites also believe that medical research not only needs increasing funds, but also a push from time to time to get the results out of the test tube to the patient's bedside. Mrs. Lasker and her associates have always seen most scientists as narrow-minded laboratory dwellers who tend to pursue pure knowledge, and they fear that the National Institutes of Health (in spite of Lasker's pivotal role in its creation) has come to be dominated by this sort of thinking. Thus the war against cancer is to take place in a new government bureaucracy, outside of the National Institute of Health, an agency, in the words of the panel of consultants, "modeled along the lines of NASA which succeeded brilliantly in reaching our goal of landing a man on the moon." Such an arrangement will allow Congress to pour ever-increasing funds into cancer research (the recommendation is for $1 billion per year within four years) and it will give the Lasker lobby a new administrative device to direct the research to its own specifications.

As part of their lobbying effort, the Laskerites publish and distribute a book titled *Facts about the Major Killing and Crippling Diseases in the United States,* which proclaims among other things, that 318,910 Americans died of cancer in 1968 and that this figure is increasing yearly. Taken in isolation, this is a frightening statistic, but it misses one crucial point: people must die of something, and a large part of the increase of cancer deaths is the result of people escaping now curable, infectious diseases long enough to succumb to degenerative diseases. In fact 56 percent of all cancer deaths occur in persons over 65 and only 8 percent in persons under 45. While there is no doubt that research and preventative medicine could potentially prevent millions of cancer deaths, the Lasker campaign in many respects resembles a crash program to ward off death itself.

Spelling out his own view of the cancer fight, Mrs. Lasker's new ally Elmer Bobst said, "In the development of atomic power and in the outer space programs there was a wonderful control and a most highly businesslike type of approach. It is my feeling that we must strive to bring businesslike methods into the fight against cancer." The rhetoric of space and the atom bomb appear in the statements of everyone behind the cancer campaign. The entire episode is in fact based on the assumption that American technology, given enough money and a solid "businesslike" direction, can accomplish anything. The Lasker forces have even hired some ex-Defense Department management experts to plot the course of cancer research. Taking the mania to its logical conclusion, Congressman John J. Rooney from Brooklyn offered a resolution before the House as part of the campaign, declaring that cancer should be cured by 1976. "I firmly believe there is no more fitting way to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the independence of our country," he said.

Despite the onslaught of technology, money, and Congressman Rooney's sense of the historical moment, cancer will doubtlessly not be cured by the Lasker Cancer Society-sponsored campaign. Over fifty years of cancer research has yet to turn up so much as a solid promising clue. The moon shot and the atomic bomb were essentially engineering feats based on existing knowledge and no such knowledge exists for cancer. As Sol Spiegelman, a cancer researcher at Columbia University, put it, "An all-out effort to cure cancer at this time would be like trying to land a man on the moon without knowing Newton's laws of motion."

But the idea that technology will soon gallop to our rescue already dominates the mentality and the specific projects to be supported in the Cure Cancer Campaign. One of the programs carried out by NIH for many years at Mary Lasker's insistence has been the Chemotherapy Screening Project, a massive random testing of chemicals for anti-cancer activity. In short, a search for the magic cure. Although the program has consumed over $300 million to date, it has produced few results, mainly due to the large variety of diseases known as cancer. A commission (free of Lasker influence) which investigated the NIH in 1965 declared the Chemotherapy Screening Project to be "utterly without scientific merit." Under the new cancer campaign, however, this program's budget will triple, and the millions will turn into billions.

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Such concern with possible anti-cancer chemicals is particularly ironic in light of the involvement of chemicals in *causing* cancer. A Cancer Society Report notes that "more than 600 compounds have been identified which are known to cause cancer in animals." These include hydrocarbons from burning oils, coal, auto fuel, and factory gas products—all found in increasing concentrations in the air above our cities. In addition, radiation, asbestos dust (from brake linings, for example) and a number of dyes are all known to cause cancer. If anyone looked on, they would also doubtless discover that a portion of the foreign chemicals we ingest in the form of herbicides, insecticides, and food additives cause cancer.

CURIOUSLY, WHILE ALL THIS INFORMATION is available, little is done about it. It is more fashionable to spend billions in search of an anti-cancer drug than to try to clean up the environment and our food or to try to challenge the power of the tobacco lobby. Prevention isn't nearly as sensational as the search for a cure, particularly because it would cut back profits rather than squander tax money.

Moreover, cancer is not one disease, but hundreds—some of them only distantly related to each other; some are minor and easily curable, others most always fatal. And even among the cells of one type of cancer vast chemical differences have been found. A few workers in the field have even suggested that cancer might be akin to death itself—that is, a breakdown in the complex ecology of the body that can occur for a number of reasons and in a number of ways. The incidence of the disease is, in fact, strongly associated with the aging process, and people who suffer from a rare disease which brings on premature aging often die from cancer. The collection of diseases known as cancer presents an endless series of complexities. Just as a variety of substances and activities can break down the complex ecology of nature, so can a large number of things break down the ecology of the body and cause cancer. Chemicals, viruses, and radiation are all known to cause cancer. But even when a particular factor is implicated, it is seldom simple and straightforward. For example, if mice are infected with a particular type of virus, they will develop certain kinds of cancer, but the same mice will usually develop the cancer a year or two later when they are not infected with the virus.

Even the implantation in the body of a disc of plastic or other inert materials can cause cancer, probably by disrupting the communication between various parts of the body. Suppression of the body's natural immune response against infectious disease by drugs or by X-rays causes an increased incidence of cancer so that several recipients of kidney transplants are now known to have developed cancer.

In certain cases, cancer will appear in several locations in the body at once, at other times in one place only. Some tumors are dependent on hormones for their growth, while the growth of others is inhibited by the same hormones. Spontaneous disappearance of malignant growth is well-documented in a few cases. (The one factor that has been shown to reduce the incidence of all types of cancer, both in experimental animals and in man, is a reduction in caloric intake. Thus overweight people are more likely to develop cancer.)

But now, because of the impending Cure Cancer Campaign, the offering up of theories has become a big-time business. Congressmen are most likely to fork over the money, goes the philosophy of those behind the Cure Cancer Campaign, in ratio to the amount of faith they have in the notion that a cure is just around the corner. In September of 1970, the director of the National Cancer Institute described to the press "a new unified cancer theory" that was based on evidence that certain enzymes harbor latent cancer viruses. He was referring to the "oncogene" theory of Robert J. Huebner, a staff researcher at the National Cancer Institute. Huebner's theory has been continually plugged both in the press and before congressional committees. Yet a closer examination reveals that, first, the theory has undergone a number of changes very recently to account for a stream of data that seems to disprove it and, second, few other scientists believe it.

Huebner's theory of the viral origin of cancer was first based on the presence of a viral antigen—a change in the cell surface caused by the presence of a virus in certain tumor cells, this supposedly proving that the virus was causing the cancer. When another researcher found the antigen in normal cells, Huebner revised his theory to claim that the cancer-causing virus was part of all normal cells and that something was needed to switch it on, and as soon as we find that substance we will have cured cancer. Now new evidence has been presented to cast doubt on his second theory. But more significant than the truth of Huebner's continually evolving theory is the power that he manages to wield because of it. In his position in the Cancer Institute, Huebner directs the expenditure of many millions of dollars for cancer research, most of it going in the form of large research *contracts* (as opposed to individual *grants* where the investigator decides what he is to work on) to perform the work that he specifies. And because Huebner's work is continually described before Congress, a large portion of the new cancer money is earmarked for him, with very little insight into the validity of the work being considered.

LAST JULY 3 NEWSPAPERS ACROSS the country proclaimed that researchers at the M. D. Anderson Tumor Institute in Houston had grown large amounts of virus from the tissues of a cancer patient. "The new report," said the *New York Times*, "links a C type virus with one of the types of cancer most widely suspected of being virus caused." A few weeks later it was revealed in the scientific literature that the virus was actually a mouse virus that had gotten into the laboratory cultures by accident. No one published anything about the second discovery in the popular press. This scenario of false and uncorrected information has become an integral part of the push for more cancer research money. In response to the public relations effort of the American Cancer Society and others in the business, the press publishes one report after another detailing the latest breakthroughs that make a cure for cancer that much closer, if only enough money is spent. A cover story in the February 22

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Newsweek concludes that "Taken all in all, the advances made in cancer research add up to the most hopeful view of the future that has ever been possible." Lonely hearts columnist Ann Landers offered her contribution by telling her readers that "Today you have the opportunity to be a part of the mightiest offensive against a single disease in the history of our country." She then urged them to write their senators, and they did, by the thousands. Even the *Police Gazette* got in its two cents' worth with an article titled "Cancer Miracles" (to be found in the May issue between "The Pill Can Turn Marriage into a Sex Nightmare" and "Why I Can't Live with Zsa Zsa"). "While cancer is far from licked at this writing," said the *Gazette* in its homey metaphors, "we do seem to be coming down the home stretch in vanquishing this dreaded enemy."

Most clinicians and researchers believe that because of improvements in the techniques of treatment—surgery, radiation and chemotherapy—the chances for a cancer patient's survival are better, at least for a few types of cancer, than they were in the past. Nevertheless, the much-publicized "cure rates" based on early detection and treatment are actually five-year survival rates, and the earlier you detect a tumor, the better your chances for surviving five years no matter what kind of treatment you get. Because of such considerations and because of the lack of controlled studies, some statisticians have questioned whether there has been any progress at all.

In any event, what progress there has been is unfortunately mostly the result of trial and error, and many of the treatments offered today are outdated and performed for no better reason than because doctors are still using techniques developed a decade ago. In the case of breast cancer, for example, the customary treatment has involved radical mastectomy: removal of the woman's breast and all the draining lymph nodes. The operation leaves the woman disfigured, often psychologically as well as physically. But even though recent studies in Great Britain have shown that a woman's chances of survival are the same when the surgeon removes only the lump, and not the breast and the lymph nodes, most surgeons in this country are nevertheless continuing to chop out everything because that's how they've always done it.

It is not true that nothing can be done about cancer. Progress is being made in the laboratory in terms of understanding basic life processes, in the clinic in terms of comforting the patient and, in some cases, in prolonging the patient's life. But it is slow. In dealing with a collection of disorders grouped under the heading of cancer, we must confront many of the dynamics of life—and death—itself. We're not likely to conquer life, death, or cancer by pushing a button or taking a pill, and if there is anything worse than the disease, it is raising false hopes among the populace which it terrorizes.

As early as 1949, some scientists appeared before Congress and said, "Give us the money and within ten years we will give you a penicillin for cancer." So the "moon-shot" mentality is hardly new. A few obliging researchers are willing to present themselves as the goose about to lay the golden egg; when they don't, nobody seems to remember. For the cancer patients, however, each promise is remembered. As Irvine H. Page, editor of *Modern Medicine* and an opponent of the current cancer campaign, has said: "Patients with cancer have enough disappointments to overcome."

THE AMOUNT TO BE SPENT under the Cure Cancer Campaign is still uncertain. The $334 million for the current year represents a $100 million increase over last year's government support for cancer research, but proponents of the campaign have talked about $1 billion a year for cancer by 1976. A large portion of this money would pay for the construction of new "cancer centers" across the country.

The cancer centers are an important cornerstone of the new politics of cancer. At present there are three major ones: Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York, Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, and the M. D. Anderson Tumor Institute in Houston. Each is a massive facility with a combination of clinical and laboratory facilities; each receives over $5 million in government funds. Under the Cure Cancer Campaign, in addition to the construction of new facilities, a number of cancer research departments in hospitals and medical schools such as Stanford University Medical School and Children's Hospital in Boston would be elevated to the status of full-blown cancer centers.

Research grants and contracts account for a large portion of the income of medical schools and universities, and those who control these funds possess much of the power in academia. Under the Cure Cancer Campaign, the focus of funding and power for cancer research and hence for all of medical research will shift from the medical schools to the new cancer centers—which explains the medical schools' vigorous opposition. The director of such a center will have much more say than a laboratory scientist with a good idea, and it is the directors of these centers who are able to control the flow of a good deal of money and ideas in cancer research. Under the Cure Cancer Campaign, a large amount of money will be distributed to the institutes in the form of block grants and contracts, and, because of this, a mediocre research worker in a cancer center need only stay on good terms with those in power to assure himself of funds. Not accidentally, a good number of the scientists on the panel that first put forward the campaign are or soon will be directors of such institutes, including R. Lee Clark, the president of the M. D. Anderson, Sidney Farber of Children's Hospital, Henry Kaplan of Stanford, Joseph Burchenal of Sloan-Kettering, James F. Holland of Roswell Park, Jonathan Rhodes of the University of Pennsylvania and Harold P. Rusch of the University of Wisconsin.

Another issue raised by the cancer centers is patient care. In addition to performing research, each center treats large numbers of patients and, in the opinion of some physicians, the patients treated at the center have a much better chance of survival than those treated in most hospitals. But who is to get this special treatment? At present, criteria for admission to a center are based first on the research interest of the patient's condition and second on the patient's ability to pay. Will those living in the slums ap-

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pear as often as those from the suburbs? Will this emphasis on treatment of cancer further retard the general movement for preventive medicine?

For years most biomedical scientists have felt that some of Mrs. Lasker's schemes—she insisted, for example, on the attempted development of an artificial heart—have had the effect of consuming a great deal of money without shedding any light on the causes of disease; they believe the money could best be invested in their own basic research. But for all these protestations, the scientists have shown little inclination to apply their research to cures for disease. Since Sputnik, when this country went in for research in a big way, billions have been spent on research and, in spite of great gains in such esoteric subjects as molecular biology, it would be nearly impossible to make a case that there has been a significant improvement in people's health as a result. According to statistics recently released by the US Census Bureau, life expectancy for whites in this country has remained constant over the past few years while life expectancy for blacks has actually declined.

The medical needs of those who can't buy themselves a voice before Congress—that is, poor and Third World people—are virtually ignored in the jockeying over research funds. At the same time Nixon was announcing his cancer extravaganza, the Administration quietly refused to allocate any funds for a prevention program for lead poisoning, which is an exclusive disease of the urban slums, unlike cancer, which affects rich and poor alike. The victims are children from one to six years old who ingest bits of leaded paint or plaster that crumble off the inside walls of old, dilapidated houses or apartments. As the children eat the lead, it accumulates in their bodies—often slowly over a long period of time—until it reaches a toxic level. External symptoms of lead poisoning range from listlessness to convulsions; complications include mental retardation, cerebral palsy, behavioral disorders, kidney disease, blindness, and even death.

A recent report by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimated that lead poisoning affects 400,000 children annually and causes 200 deaths. Of those who don't die, said the report, 16,000 require treatment, 3200 incur moderate to severe brain damage, and 800 children receive brain damage severe enough to require treatment for the rest of their lives. Lead poisoning thus kills and cripples more children than did polio before the advent of the Salk vaccine—a statistic that should amaze anyone who remembers the hysteria of the early '50s.

Lead poisoning, however, differs from both cancer and polio in an important respect—it is completely and relatively easily preventable. It is just that the lives of black children and others living in slums don't warrant a massive campaign of any kind. And besides, there is none of the glory that awaits the person who battles on the arcane frontiers of cancer research and the politicians who supported him in conducting massive preventative screening programs or cleaning up crumbling housing. The list of health needs passed over includes malnutrition, tuberculosis, sickle cell anemia, and, most of all, simple access to medical care.

CLEARLY, SCIENTISTS ABROGATED their responsibilities regarding the delivery of health as research fell into the realm of big-time power politics. The emphasis on disease rather than prevention is a standard element of America's health care system, and obsession with finding a cure for cancer, based on people's fear, is only one more manifestation.

Even the prevention campaigns promoted by the American Cancer Society (whose policy is set by physicians) caters to fear rather than rational preventive medicine. The seven danger signals of cancer, to quote Sir David Smithers, an eminent British cancer researcher, "concentrates the minds of nervous people on things they may never have any real cause to worry about, brings agitated men and women without cancer to seek reassurance it may be most difficult to give, and sends some cancer patients to their general practitioners so filled with half-truths and little learning that it seriously reduces the chances of ever reaching that accord which is the first necessary step toward accurate diagnosis and effective treatment.

"The cancer education campaign I would advocate for the public," said Smithers, "is easily summed up in the words 'Get yourself a good GP.' The public would do better to worry about the quality of the doctors being trained in this country, their background and standard of education as well as their freedom from that chronic overwork which makes a proper personal relationship with their patients impossible, than about acquiring a superficial knowledge of the possible significance of a few signs and symptoms which may, in any case, be of no serious importance."

Yet for most Americans it is impossible to get a good general practitioner. You simply wait until you can complain to some doctor (if you can find one) that you might have cancer or some other disease rather than asking him to check your good health. If the American Cancer Society were interested in health, it would fight to improve the care that all Americans receive rather than to scare people into visiting a doctor only when they have certain symptoms.

But even if the health system in America were renovated—which it won't be—and all the cancer-causing chemicals and radiation around us were eliminated—which they won't be—cancer would remain a part of the natural disintegration of the living body. It would be helpful for public education campaigns to stress this simple point: that no matter how much technology we develop or how much money we spend, we won't be able to live forever. Nor will Mary Lasker, Richard Nixon, Teddy Kennedy, or the members of Congress, despite their deviation of massive amounts of public money to heart disease and cancer campaigns. And the fact that those now making the decisions about health care, and those influencing them with money, may possess some good intentions is no excuse for the fears they raise and the way they manipulate them.

Robert Bazell is a reporter for Science *magazine. He has a Ph.D. in immunology from the University of California-Berkeley and frequently writes on health affairs.*

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Lake District (3 days). Puerto Montt, reached by air from Santiago, is undefiled beauty: ranging volcanoes, clear lakes, fishing and seafood. This is the heart of the agricultural district and we will hear about the land reform program now underway.

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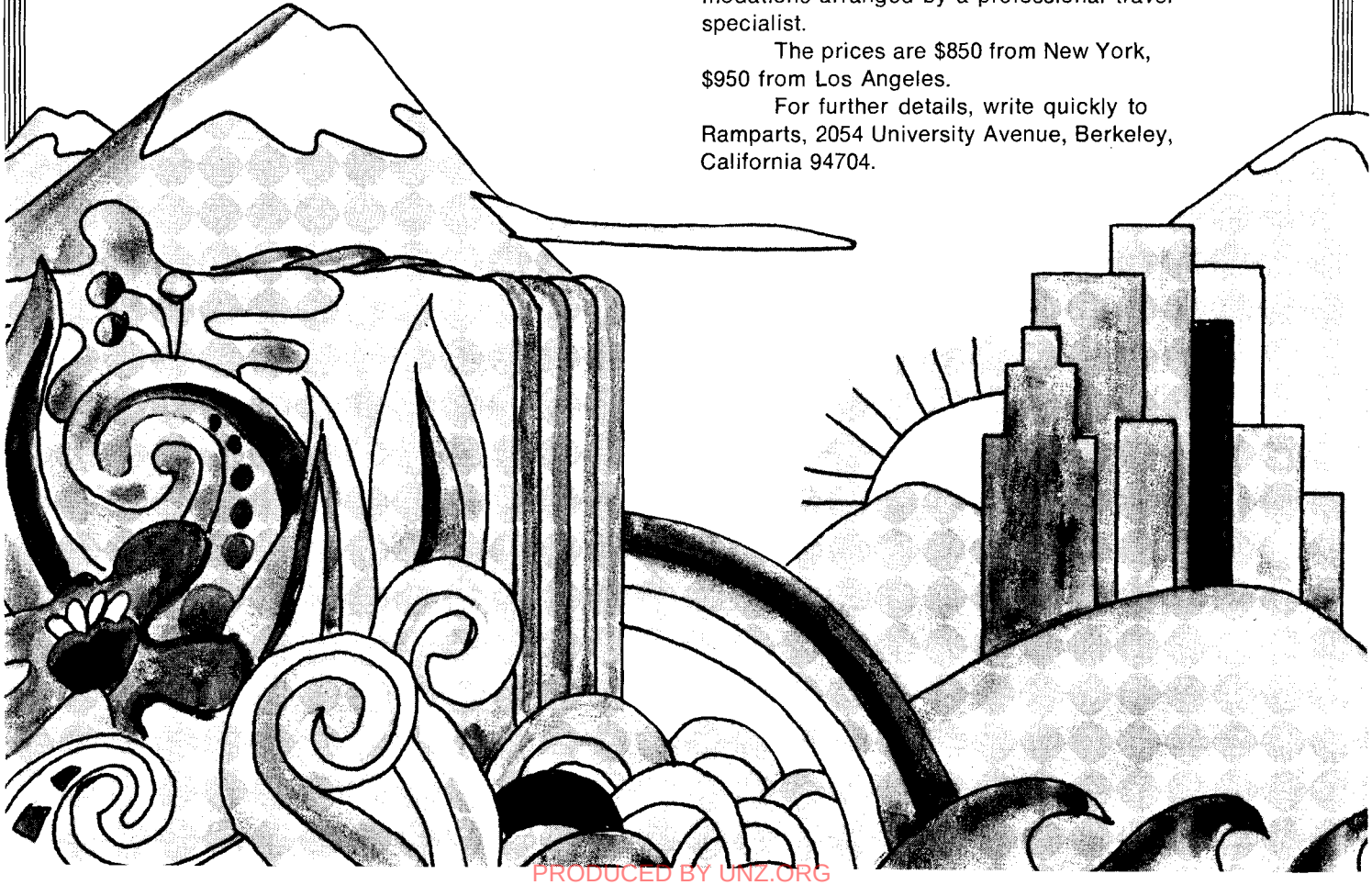

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The Rise of Henry Kissinger

"He was a Rococo figure, complex, finely carved, all surface, like an intricately cut prism. His face was delicate but without depth, his conversation brilliant but without ultimate seriousness. Equally at home in the salon and in the Cabinet, he was the beau-ideal *of [an] aristocracy which justified itself not by its truth but by its existence. And if he never came to terms with the new age it was not because he failed to understand its seriousness but because he disdained it."*

by David Landau

WITH THESE WORDS, A HARVARD thesis-writer named Henry Kissinger introduced Clemens Metternich, Austria's greatest foreign minister and a man whose diplomatic life he has sought to relive. As Richard Nixon's most influential advisor on foreign policy, Kissinger has embodied the role of the 19th century balance-of-power diplomat. He is cunning, elusive, and all-powerful in the sprawling sector of government which seeks to advise the President on national security matters. As Nixon's personal emissary to foreign dignitaries, to academia, and—as "a high White House official"—to the press, he is vague and unpredictable—yet he is the single authoritative carrier of national policy besides the President himself.

Like the Austrian minister who became his greatest political hero, Kissinger has used his position in government as a protective cloak to conceal his larger ambitions and purposes. Far from being the detached, objective arbiter of presidential decision-making, he has become a crucial molder and supporter of Nixon's foreign policy. Instead of merely holding the bureaucracy at comfortable arm's length, he has entangled it in a web of useless projects and studies, cleverly shifting an important locus of advisory power from the Cabinet departments to his own office. And as a confidential advisor to the President, he never speaks for the record, cannot be made to testify before Congress, and is identified with presidential policy only on a semi-public level. His activity is even less subject to domestic constraints than that of Nixon himself.

Not that any of this is very surprising, however, because Kissinger has emerged from that strain of policy thinking which is fiercely anti-popular and anti-bureaucratic in its origins. Like the ministers who ruled post-Napoleonic Europe from the conference table at Vienna—and the Eastern Establishment figures who preceded him as policy-makers of a later age—Kissinger believes that legislative bodies, bureaucracies, and run-of-the-mill citizenries all lack the training and temperament that are needed in the diplomatic field. He is only slightly less moved by the academics who parade down to Washington to be with the great man and peddle their ideas. And when one sets aside popular opinion, Congress, the bureaucracy, and the academic community, there remains the President alone. The inescapable conclusion is that Henry Kissinger's only meaningful constituency is a constituency of one.

At a superficial level, the comparison with Metternich breaks down. As opposed to a finely carved figure, Kissinger is only of average height, slightly overweight, excessively plain, and somewhat stooped. Far from *beau-ideal,* he is a Jewish refugee, and he speaks with a foreign accent. Despite the image of the gay divorcé, the ruminations about his social activity seem to be grounded more in journalism than in fact.

But without being a butterfly, Kissinger is a deeper individual than the man he wrote about, and he possesses qualities which have attracted him a great deal more popularity in inner circles than his methods or policies would seem to

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warrant. He has none of the pedigreed arrogance of his predecessors, and when he likes, he exudes a personal charm and warmth that have struck immense sympathy among those who associate with him. Even those who have left his staff over policy decisions are quick to defend his intellect and his motivations. And if personality traits do not redeem bad decisions and repugnant policies, they do a great deal to make them more understandable; for at the top crust of Washington policy-making, it is the impact of decisive personalities—not that of impressive intellect—which ultimately spurs the winning recommendations and gives them decisive force. And if his reading of Metternich has taught Kissinger anything, it is that personality could ape *beau-ideal,* and that once in the seat of power, ultimate seriousness could be transformed to the diplomat's disdain.

HEINZ KISSINGER WAS BORN IN THE SMALL village of Fuerth, in Franconia, on May 27, 1923. His father was a professor at the gymnasium, or prep school, in Fuerth; his Jewish upbringing was marked by an early respect for scholarship. But by 1930, the Nazis had seized power in Franconia, and after eight years of social torture and humiliation, the Kissinger family was forced to abandon its home and migrate to America.

The experience was shattering to the young man of 15. He saw his parents, to whom he was deeply attached, uprooted and destroyed. He himself suffered the pangs of a refugee childhood in New York City. And it was only in the American army of occupation during World War II that he first made durable friendships and impressed people with his rare intellectual abilities.

After the war, he won a New York State scholarship and was admitted to Harvard. A thoughtful, unobtrusive man in his mid-twenties, he worked hard at his studies and slowly acquired vast confidence in his ability to do serious scholarly work. According to a colleague from his Harvard faculty days, Kissinger was once informed as the result of a clerical error that he had received a failing grade. He immediately rang up the professor involved and proclaimed, "Tell me. Is this a joke?"

A philosophy major and an attentive follower of the international scene, Kissinger had already acquired the hard-line instincts which were to fuel him in his later years. His refugee background had driven him to analyze and understand the historical process which had allowed the holocaust of the '30s to occur; America itself was too big and complicated for him to be interested in, but the world was what he knew. And if his experience had imparted to him a sense of the tragic, it also instilled in him a deep feeling that there was something one must do to prevent the next decline.

Kissinger has been heard to remark around Washington that "Nixon will save us from the hardhats"; but in his undergraduate days, the men alerting him to the danger of historical collapse were made of more sterling stuff. Kissinger read with particular concern the works of Oswald Spengler, whose dire predictions about the fall of the West had a measurable impact on the young refugee student. The historical forces shaping his early background had reeked of decadence. A colleague, Stanley Hoffman, would remark later that Kissinger "walked in a way with the ghost of Spengler at his side."

The culmination of Kissinger's undergraduate work was a gargantuan 350-page thesis on the work of Spengler, Toynbee, and Kant. Unpretentiously titled "The Meaning of History," its only lasting impact seems to have been that it spurred the Government Department to impose a 150-page limit on the length of senior theses. But it was good enough to be graded *summa*—a rare thing in those days—and contained some fruitful insights into Kissinger's mind. In a section devoted to Spengler, he wrote that "Instinct is no guide to political conduct. Effective leadership is always forced—whatever its motives—to represent itself as the carrier of ideas, embodying purposes. All truly great achievements in history resulted from the actualization of principles, not from the clever evaluation of political conditions."

With William Yandell Elliott, a large, flamboyant Virginian who became kingpin of Harvard's Government Department, Kissinger founded and directed Harvard International Seminar, through which about 40 mid-career people from foreign countries—writers and artists as well as scholars and politicians—visited Harvard for two months of the summer every year. (It was later discovered that several of the foundations financing the Seminar were secret conduits for CIA funds, about which Kissinger claimed not to have known.) Many of these people became high-ranking government officials in their countries in the years after their attendance at the Seminar, and several—with whom Kissinger developed strong personal ties—became valued contacts for a man who was continually in the process of building his career.

It was at Elliott's recommendation that Kissinger went to work for the Council on Foreign Relations as an editor of *Foreign Affairs* and director of the Council's study on nuclear weapons. And it was through Elliott that he joined the Rockefeller Brothers Fund when that group became interested in sponsoring a series of reports on American foreign policy. Kissinger's interest then underwent a major shift from scholarship to policy. And it was his incorporation of 19th-century balance-of-power theory into the leading policy issue of the 1950s—thermonuclear relationships—where Kissinger made his mark.

The basis for Kissinger's political thinking was contained in his Ph.D. thesis, written in 1954 and later published under the title *A World Restored: The Politics of Conservatism in a Revolutionary Age.* In *A World Restored,* Kissinger argued that "stability based on an equilibrium of forces" was ultimately responsible for the relative calm of Europe in the decades preceding World War I. His fascination, however, lay clearly not with physical force as such, but rather with the clever ploys and double entendres of great power diplomacy.

The image of Europe's fate being played out in negotiations by foreign ministers who were free of popular constraints and who maintained almost unlimited autonomy with respect to their own heads of state is one that held unlimited appeal for him. And his sympathies lay not so much with the Castlereaghs who sallied forth from their island paradises when they found their interests threatened as with the statesmen who were naturally inclined to activist,

"Kissinger and Quick Step" by David Levine, Courtesy of N.Y. Review of Books.

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interventionist roles—men like Metternich, who defended impotent Austria and finally commanded European peacemaking through the devious use of offers, deals and threats.

IT WAS WITH THIS PERSPECTIVE that Kissinger wrote *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, which grew out of the Council on Foreign Relations studies. In it, Kissinger argued for the doctrine of "flexible response" and wound up advocating a policy of limited nuclear warfare. Not that he favored the most forceful possible use of arms; the central dilemma facing American policymakers in their dealings with the Soviet Union at that time was a choice between "massive retaliation" and no response at all. From a strategic point of view, Kissinger stated that the capability of response was vital to American security interests; from a technical viewpoint, he argued that it would be possible to choose a limit on the nuclear scale up to which it would be possible to threaten an escalation—and, if necessary, to carry out the threat.

The doctrine was rejected by most knowledgeable specialists in the arms field. The book was viciously reviewed by several influential arms specialists, a factor which reinforced Kissinger's native insecurity and compelled him to backtrack and reverse many of the central policy recommendations. Nor were many aspects of the policy startling or innovative in themselves; the considerations surrounding the bomb and limited war had already been outlined in part by the work of Bernard Brodie, James Gavin, and Edward Teller, and the sections on diplomatic flexibility borrowed heavily from Metternich and the conferees at Vienna. The book's real departure was its fusing of diplomatic concerns with the theory of nuclear war: the result was a potent, hard-line combination of cajolery, threat, and physical force.

The book was given a gala launching by the Council on Foreign Relations, and despite the criticism it received from experts, it was an instant public hit. On bestseller lists for 14 weeks, it made Kissinger an internationally known figure, won him a Pentagon consultantship, and attracted the attention of several influential policymakers and officials—such as Vice-President Richard M. Nixon—who later played a role in enhancing his power and prestige.

In 1957, the creation of the Harvard Center for International Affairs gave Kissinger a chance to return to teaching and scholarship with his power base intact. The CFIA was being set up by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations as well as by McGeorge Bundy and Harvard's leading foreign policy specialists. In a struggle for the position of associate director, Kissinger—reportedly with the prodding of the Rockefeller group—edged out Edward Katzenbach, director of the Harvard-M I T Defense Studies Program out of which the new Harvard Center grew.

Kissinger's return to Harvard was at once triumphal and antagonizing. He now had an immense coterie of associates, contacts, and patron-saints in the outside world. His calendar was always full, and he continually angered students and colleagues by postponing their appointments as many as four or five times in a row. The unattractive twin pillars of his personality—insecurity coupled with unlimited intellectual arrogance—had been reinforced by the competitions and successes in the outside world.

BUT THERE WAS AN INGRAINED FATALISM in Kissinger—a feeling "that ultimately failure is one of the likely outcomes of any form of action," as his close colleague Stanley Hoffman put it—which lent Kissinger's personality a soft spot not ordinarily found in such stern, arrogant men. "He has a human quality I value very much," a colleague at the Center for International Affairs said recently. "There's a deep melancholy about him, and a sense that you're dealing with a guy who has known unlimited tragedy and seen some of the bleakest parts of the human landscape."

Soon after he returned to Harvard, he began a practice which was to recur at other times in his academic career: playing both sides of the White House political fence. Ostensibly a Rockefeller man, Kissinger readily agreed to compose position papers for a Democratic presidential candidate: Senator John F. Kennedy. He was the leading specialist on European security matters, and there was no reticence about consulting for a potential winner.

And it was as a consultant for President Kennedy that Kissinger got his first real taste of what infighting and influence games in the White House were really like. Not that he had ever been naive and amiss; it was simply that the struggle for power was more subtle and refined than he even had imagined. After advising Kennedy on the Berlin crisis—and asking the President to enter negotiations with the Russians and flex the possibilities of response, which Kennedy never did—Kissinger boorishly chose to criticize the President's policy in the pages of *Foreign Affairs*. Even as Kennedy failed to be swayed by his advice, he travelled about the world like a man of consequence, advertising himself as *the* White House consultant on European security. Able to meet with Kennedy only from time to time, he insisted on getting regular access to him—a principle which he would deny today, because virtually no one on Kissinger's present staff sees Nixon but Kissinger himself.

And finally there was the competition from the fast-talking, native American intellectuals of Camelot, the hard-nosed, problem-solving, pragmatically arrogant men who rejected the notion of failure and believed they could master the world with the American military machine. In this milieu, Kissinger—the advocate of negotiations and graduated threats—was very much an outcast.

Finally, at Bundy's prodding, Kissinger was no longer used as a consultant. Embarrassed by the rebuff, he did not make it widely known that he had been dropped from Bundy's staff. According to one observer, Kissinger's falling out with the White House became common knowledge only after federal custodians had been seen carrying his security-classified safe out of the Center for International Affairs.

Kissinger learned well from the encounter; no longer would he be a pushy young man with advice, and never again would he conduct his infighting with a campaign on the outside. Subsequently "saved" as a White House consultant by two close friends—Carl Kaysen and Arthur Schlesinger—he became a State Department advisor on Vietnam in 1965 and later supervised secret talks with the North Vietnamese which ultimately led to the negotiations of 1968. "It was a good performance," one colleague said of his Vietnam consultations. "His ego was under control."

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AT THE LAST STRETCH OF HIS TEACHING career, Kissinger became Nelson Rockefeller's chief foreign policy advisor during the 1968 Republican presidential campaign. During the campaign, Kissinger had made a number of highly caustic remarks about Richard Nixon; in Miami, he went so far as to declare that he doubted Nixon's fitness to be President.

Why had Kissinger placed such high hopes in Governor Rockefeller? Not because he was necessarily more "liberal," but because he was more intimately familiar with the nature of American interests—and more willing to overlook popular opinion in order to pursue them. For Rockefeller was one of that elitist milieu which was steadfast in its convictions and highly contemptuous of public will whenever it intruded on those convictions.

Kissinger's fear of Nixon stemmed from the belief that he was so deeply involved in the popular political process that he might give in to the transitory whims of public opinion rather than follow a course of action which was manifestly correct. Rockefeller was an interventionist in principle, a far more dedicated cold warrior and alliance-builder than Nixon, with his earthbound, contingent claims to popularity, could ever have been. And it was only after receiving assurances from Nixon that he would occupy a pivotal post in the new Administration—that he would have a truly significant measure of control over policy decisions—that he consented to move from one salon to another, from the Rockefeller-funded drawing rooms in Cambridge to Nixon's Washington.

"As Metternich would say, that policy is worse than a crime. It is a mistake."

SHORTLY AFTER PRESIDENT-ELECT NIXON chose Henry Kissinger as his national security advisor late in 1968, Kissinger phoned a number of prominent journalists and declared, "Everything I said is off the record." This request would have been an outright insult to any reporter. Such requests are always mandatory before—not after—the fact, and are appropriate only in the case of private conversations, not general pronouncements. In effect, Kissinger was trying to suppress what legitimately belonged in the public domain.

And it might have seemed surprising that, only a month after the election, Nixon would have chosen one of his most vocal antagonists as a leading policy aide. But the two men had much more in common than anyone would previously have supposed.

To begin with, Nixon turned out not to be the partisan, suspect observer of the international scene whom Kissinger had so feared. Quite the contrary—Nixon was determined to take hold of the foreign policy machine and fashion his own commitment to world order, regardless of public and congressional opinion. In the past, policymaking powers had typically drifted around Washington between one administration and the next, from the strong State Department of Dean Acheson and John Foster Dulles to the loosely organized Kitchen Cabinets of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. As a result, decisions had been made in a chaotic, *ad hoc* atmosphere which lacked consistency and framework; the new President decided that such practice should cease. And besides, Nixon had long fancied himself a statesman; most of his government experience had been in the foreign policy field, and before expressing interest in the Presidency this time around, he had appeared to be grooming himself as the next Republican Secretary of State.

For somewhat different reasons, Kissinger agreed that policy planning should be centered in the White House. For Kissinger, the balance-of-power diplomat, had long believed that world equilibrium was based on the constant threat of force, and that respect for the United States rested on the fear of its enormous military machine. At times, secret talks and well-placed overtures could avert military engagements that were not in the interest of the United States; at others, where an escalation to armed conflict seemed necessary, the decisions must be made and the orders carried out by a few top men who acted with the greatest of speed. Such a policy of threat demanded a high degree of centralization—and the resulting Nixon-Kissinger policy structure was designed to circumvent those forces in government, such as Congress and the Cabinet bureaucracies, which were considered extraneous to that approach.

In addition, Kissinger realized that the policy of threat would be a failure if Nixon could not appear unfettered by others—inside Washington and out—who had claims on the President's conduct of foreign affairs. In as early a tract as *A World Restored,* Kissinger had written that "the impetus of domestic policy is a direct social experience; but that of foreign policy is not actual, but potential experience—the threat of war—which statesmanship attempts to avoid being made explicit." In other words, popular opinion was little more than an encumbrance on those few who were capable of making decisions. For if the foreign diplomat were allowed to feel that the President's policy could be swayed by domestic upheavals, then the credibility of threat—the linchpin of the policy—would ultimately collapse.

Corollary to the policy of threat was the notion that the United States would keep its promises and fulfill its commitments no matter what the price. For the ultimate failure of diplomacy was to lose credibility, and there was a feeling for the honor of a great power that went very deep in Kissinger. There was the idea that a faulted credibility in one area of the world would surely lead to disaster in another, because for Kissinger all the great troublespots of the world were lined up on a single continuum that connected the two superpowers: the Soviet Union and the United States. Should the Russians violate the ceasefire lines in the Mideast, then the President must be free to respond in Cambodia. And if the policy made no sense in cost-benefit analysis, at least it would proceed from strategic thinking which transcended the day-to-day pressures of political life.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, KISSINGER felt that the Presidency was the only office of government which could determine and execute foreign policy in the way it should properly be conducted. Congress was an impediment; its members, by and large, were not properly schooled in the hard-fought, intricate practice of diplomatic affairs, and were more likely to respond to the uninformed concerns of their voters, to the shoddy tug-and-pull of the popular political process, than to the ar-

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duous twists and turns of great power relationships. The bureaucracy, too, was an enemy: no imagination, no flair, no speed or adaptability, little grasp of the sacrifices and risks one must incur if one were to maintain a flexible policy. And as for popular opinion, Kissinger's interest lay not in how the votes would be cast today, but in how the Executive structure would be affected by domestic reactions to the policy when that policy had finally run its course five or ten years later. His overwhelming concern was how well the White House could continue to function as the major force in foreign policy, whether popular opinion would one day rise up and destroy the Presidency as an instrument of diplomatic relations.

In a series of meetings held at the end of November 1968, Nixon invited Kissinger to accept the post of foreign policy assistant and proposed a revival of the National Security Council. Set up under Truman after World War II to coordinate policy planning, the NSC system had long since fallen into obscurity, but Nixon viewed it as an instrument of restoring to the White House a critical measure of flexibility and control over policy decisions. More than anything else, Nixon dreaded being handed a single policy recommendation which, more often than not, might be a compromise policy, an effort on the part of several differing agencies which had subdued their disagreements and presented the White House with a position it could then only accept or reject. Underlying the revived NSC structure was the so-called "options" system; the recommendations of each agency would be solicited by the White House and then screened for the NSC and Nixon by Kissinger and his staff.

It was clear that, in such a scheme, the White House would hold predominance in the policy field. How much influence Kissinger would have—as opposed to Nixon's other advisors—was not yet evident. As the "options" man, Kissinger would be expected to give a fair, objective account of each alternative; as confidential advisor to the President, his strength would rest more on his personal relationship with Nixon than on his policymaking abilities —a relationship that would have been very difficult to predict. "I suppose what really was clear was that Kissinger did not intend to become a man of particular influence," Thomas Schelling, Kissinger's closest colleague on the Harvard faculty, said recently. "I think he honestly thought that there was a more detached role for himself."

But for astute presidential observers, the news of Kissinger's supremacy in foreign policy was not long in coming. In December 1968, he flew to Key Biscayne to present Nixon with a set of blueprints for the revived NSC system—and William P. Rogers, the new Secretary of State, was already out in the cold. No longer would it be as necessary for the Secretary to meet with the President on an informal basis, as Acheson and Dulles and Rusk before him had done; like all other Cabinet members who dealt in foreign policy, his ideas would no longer be brought directly to Nixon, but would have to pass first through a system which Kissinger administered. And when Rogers met with the President and his national security advisor, he was completely overshadowed, so outclassed by Kissinger that he would rarely see Nixon in Kissinger's presence anymore. "He avoids his confrontations with Henry because he knows he'll make a fool out of him," one State Department official said recently.

KISSINGER WAS A TOWERING FIGURE amid the rest of the Nixon appointees. None could compare with him in terms of sheer mental preparation for the job. One Harvard colleague said of Kissinger that his present position is "the culmination of his career as a student of international affairs." And it is probable that Kissinger came into his job better prepared than either of his predecessors under Kennedy and Johnson, not to mention those whom Nixon had just appointed to other, less rigorous posts, the men who had won their jobs as political favors, not by sheer intellectual breadth.

More important, though, Nixon and Kissinger shared a vital number of deeply-held concerns. They were very much preoccupied with the strength and power of the Presidency, with the need to maintain one's independence and maneuverability in a politically fluid world. Most of the others in Nixon's retinue were men of politics, men who could be restrained by adverse domestic feeling or be deterred from a policy that seemed to make no material sense. But Nixon, a President determined to behave in a presidential way, and Kissinger, the great power diplomat, would brook no compromise. And Nixon's personal relationship with Kissinger, unfettered as it was by ulterior political motives, became deep and profound. Kissinger is the President's only post-1960 acquaintance to have become a member of his personal inner circle. He sees Nixon more frequently than do any of his other appointees. And as Nixon's confidant, Kissinger passes the crucial judgments on the very options that he and his staff have laid out.

But Kissinger's coup of the Cabinet departments was not as simple as that. It involved a devious circumvention of the bureaucracy through the skillful use of study memoranda and detailed, lengthy questionnaires. According to several men who were close associates of Kissinger at the time, Kissinger came to power determined not to rely on normal channels for information concerning each of the policy undertakings. His attitude was that one couldn't expect anything imaginative or innovative from the bureaucracy, that one would instead have to develop pipelines of one's own. And so he proceeded to ensnare the Cabinet departments in a series of useless policy studies which left them very much on the short end of decision-making.

Kissinger's first act as Nixon's advisor was to commission an options memorandum on the progress of the war in Vietnam; he began work on the study as early as December 1968. In the months preceding the study, the military state of affairs in Indochina had been the subject of a raging controversy inside the various departments. The outgoing presidential advisors and the upper crust of Washington's foreign service were claiming that the NLF had grown significantly weaker since the Tet offensive the previous February, that the communist military campaign would fold in a matter of months. But the lower echelon, often closer to the truth than were their superiors, said rightly that the guerrillas were merely regrouping forces and growing stronger all the time—that, in effect, the entire American military effort had been a failure. Since the higher-ranking officials had regularly suppressed the op-

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posing view in their conversations with the White House, the consultants whom Kissinger had commissioned to write the study now felt it especially necessary to get word to Nixon of what the second group was saying—which was now possible for the first time, because Kissinger and the NSC were already committed to forego the compromise policy formula and unfold the disagreements for the President.

KISSINGER'S SOLUTION WAS TO SPLIT the Vietnam memorandum in two; the first part would contain a list of options on what to do about Vietnam, and the second would be a list of specific questions on the progress of the war. It was the questions part of the study—the first in what became known as National Security Study Memoranda—which Kissinger said had been designed to reveal the differing points of view. This he proposed to accomplish in an unprecedented way—by putting identical sets of questions to different departments, questions which, in the case of most agencies, fell clearly outside their range of primary responsibility. The CIA, for example, was asked to file a report on the proficiency of ARVN—a task which had always belonged to the military command in Vietnam. One result of the questionnaire, undoubtedly, was that many estimates suddenly became more honest; for example, the military command decided for the first time to abandon the "attrition" rationale for sustained US ground action in Vietnam. In similar manner, the State and Defense Departments showed up each other's positions on the war.

But the major result of the questionnaire seems to have been that it tied up and discredited the bureaucracy as a whole. The high-level officials were now as shamed as their underlings, and entire agencies were seen in outright conflict. Furthermore, the questions themselves were long and bulky—merely sorting out the answers required a major effort on the part of Kissinger's own staff. And by the time the series of National Security Study Memoranda—on Vietnam and on each of the remaining issues of foreign policy—had been completed, Nixon and Kissinger had already taken the crucial steps in shaping the new Administration's approach to policy. "They had us tied up here for months and months," one State Department official ruminated recently on the NSSM series. "One wonders whether they've been used in the formulation of foreign policy."

In fact, Kissinger's use of the NSSM series to tie up Washington's civil service was a blunt, cynical attempt to alter the effectiveness of the National Security Council setup. The options system had been designed to curtail the influence of the bureaucracy, not to remove it; but when the dust had cleared, the Cabinet departments had been rendered virtually ineffective in the choosing of policy. By foreclosing one source of ideas, Kissinger had eliminated the options that would derive from it. The result was that his own office had been measurably strengthened.

As if this were not enough, Kissinger also proceeded to strike the "immediate withdrawal" alternative from the options half of the Vietnam memorandum, leaving his current Vietnamization plan as the most moderate of all the options listed. Thus, even before the paper had gone to the National Security Council, Kissinger had made

Henry Kissinger

the crux of the Administration's final choice inevitable: the United States was not going to leave Vietnam without exacting a price from the NLF and Hanoi. By thus manipulating the options system, Kissinger had unilaterally made a crucial choice.

With the concentration of power in Kissinger's office, congressional investigation of policymaking—which was never very comprehensive—has reached a new low in effectiveness. As confidential advisor to the President, Kissinger has successfully claimed "executive privilege" when asked to testify on the record in congressional hearings. As a result, the only contact that Kissinger has with Congress is through informal, intermittent briefing sessions with House and Senate leaders. And even those briefings appear to be empty exercises, for Kissinger is subjected to them only when the President decides they are necessary. For example, a one-time leading member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—former Sen. Albert Gore—said recently that he did not know of any White House briefing sessions with Congress preceding the decision to invade Cambodia last year.

Kissinger's refusal to testify on the record would not be a particular departure from past practice if the power concentrated in his office were not so weighty. Traditionally most presidential advisors were also heads of departments; they were responsible to Congress, both through the appro-

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priations process and as Administration representatives. But not Kissinger; his stranglehold on policy, combined with his congressional immunity, has cut off vast amounts of information on White House policymaking from Capitol Hill's purview. Congressional resentment on this subject reached a high pitch last March, when Stuart Symington, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, charged on the Senate floor that Kissinger was "Secretary of State in everything but title," and that the appearance before congressional committees by William Rogers had become "a rather empty exercise."

* * *

Symington is right, of course, for Kissinger is the second most important policymaker besides Nixon himself. There is not a single important international issue on which he does not have a major say; even on the subject of the Middle East—which Kissinger generally leaves to the State Department, partly because of his Jewish background—he has emerged at crucial points to warn against a growing Soviet presence. One of Kissinger's ex-staff assistants recently went so far as to suggest that the Middle East has been tossed to Rogers as a political bone because it is not a major issue—"which it may well be if you leave it to Rogers long enough."

But if Henry Kissinger's experience as White House administrator has demonstrated anything, it is that obedience to the orderly process of government is basically incompatible with the role of the cunning diplomat. For if he were obligated to predicate his actions upon such obstacles as popular will and honest information, then his actions could be predicted and the diplomat's flexibility—his capacity to pursue a policy of threat—would rapidly diminish. And if Kissinger was determined to accomplish anything, it was to remove every conceivable constraint from policymaking so that the President's calculated guile could run its course. If the bureaucracy could be curbed, and Congress circumvented, then the policy of threat would become a reality. And that is precisely what Kissinger engineered.

> *"However we got into Vietnam, whatever the judgment of our actions, ending the war honorably is essential for the peace of the world."*

IF THERE WERE A SINGLE APT IMAGE for Henry Kissinger's role in Vietnam, it would be one of the global diplomat clinging to stability, maintaining order, concerned with honor and prestige. And it is in Vietnam that the Nixon-Kissinger policy has reached the limit of its logic and faced the acid test.

There was once a time when the war was not a Nixon-Kissinger enterprise, when it was something the new Administration had inherited and—so it seemed—was publicly committed to dissolve. But with the extension of the ground fighting into Cambodia, Laos, and briefly, North Vietnam—as well as the drastic escalation of air attacks all over Southeast Asia—the war has become very much an ingredient of Nixon-Kissinger policy. And it is a policy that originated not in the bowels of the Pentagon, not in an overweening bureaucracy's forward thrust, but in the clearly visible diplomatic ambitions of the President and his aides.

To begin with, there was the survival of the regime in Saigon. It was a regime that past American policymakers had installed and then sworn to uphold, and though the new American leaders probably had little real use for General Thieu—and were suffering the domestic consequences of what little use they had—they also felt it essential that no American policy precipitate the collapse of the South Vietnamese regime. For that would impugn their honor and damage their credibility, and those were concepts that did not come cheap to them. And in the absence of the regime's guaranteed survival—a guarantee which Hanoi and the NLF adamantly refused to extend—the only American recourse would be the use of sheer physical might, combined with the threat of additional force if their opponents did not give in.

Kissinger is fond of calling himself the "Walt Rostow of peace by negotiations"; but in his diplomat's creed, negotiation is merely another tool to enforce one's will, a tool to which overtures, threats, and finally the use of force itself are all fixed as perpetual adjuncts. Kissinger's early advocacy of negotiations, his expressed belief that a compromise could be reached with Hanoi and the NLF, were rooted in the assumption that the overpowering weight of the US military stood behind America's negotiators at every step of the way. And in a situation of fixed objectives—that of the NLF and Hanoi, to bring about a revolution in their country, and that of Washington, to uphold the Saigon regime—the use of force would be bound to increase.

In fact, the very nature of US involvement in Southeast Asia had made the repeated use of force inevitable. For the American mission in Vietnam had long been a calculated, cynical enterprise; despite claims of protecting a "legitimate" government from aggressive communism, the American goal there had become a frankly neo-colonial one. For Kissinger, revolutionary ideology — no matter what its justification — was at best irrelevant and at worst harmful in the context of international conflict; to him, revolution meant not a change in the human condition but a clouding of the prospects for stability.

And so when an American administration dealt with a revolutionary power, Kissinger believed it should attempt to eliminate the ideological element of the struggle by forcing its opponent to behave in more traditional terms. For it was a cardinal rule of balance-of-power diplomacy that when countries entered the international arena, they acted like nation-states. They were compromising, malleable, and — for purposes of conflict — ideologically "clean." They became supple and entered negotiations when threatened with — or confronted by — the use of force.

But with a truly revolutionary liberation force, the United States—in spite of all the military machinery at its disposal — could reach no understanding or mutual trust; her outlook, her diplomacy, her negotiating language were all alien to such a force. And in the absence of common ground, the only way to draw an ideological renegade down to one's level was with the ever-increasing threat and use of force.

In fact, Kissinger has constantly underestimated the resistance power of Hanoi and the NLF by failing to take

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account of their politics and ideology. His calculation of the opponent's strength has long assumed a willingness on the opponent's part to accept a compromise solution and forsake deeply-held, legitimate political and social goals. But if the roots of his failure lie in his application of great-power diplomacy in a situation that consistently repudiates it, Kissinger has also been intimately involved in the physical escalation of the war.

For the past two and a half years, his office has supervised the flow of war material in and out of Vietnam. He himself has become a crucial figure in setting defense spending and manpower levels, often overruling Cabinet officials on these matters. And last, he has also dealt in grand military strategy; not that he decides on whether this or that village should be napalmed, but ideas for implementing each of the major escalations have come from Kissinger's office. And he is more acutely aware than most that there are many civilian deaths in a hard-fought guerrilla war.

THERE WAS A TIME, just before his accession to office in January 1969, that many of Kissinger's academic colleagues — as well as many in the government — assumed that he would rapidly seek to extricate the United States from the Vietnam war. They should have known better; Kissinger had been hard and cynical on the issue all along.

As soon as the war had begun in 1961, Kissinger became an enthusiastic supporter of the American intervention, believing it necessary for the United States to demonstrate its power in that tender spot on the globe. In 1965, he began consulting for the State Department on the government's pacification program, and remained a conventional hawk until 1966, when he traveled to Vietnam at the request of Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. As a result of that visit, he decided, as one colleague put it, "that the thing was undo-able," and he became convinced of the need to withdraw.

But he determined that any American withdrawal would have to meet two requirements: first, that it not cause the collapse of the Saigon regime soon after withdrawal, for otherwise, America's international (and domestic) standing would lose; and second, that the withdrawal have as little adverse effect as possible on the decision-making structure of this country, that particularly the Presidency must be preserved as the leading formulator of foreign policy. In concrete terms, that meant that neither Congress nor public opinion could be allowed to coerce the United States out of Vietnam.

On the surface, Kissinger believed that America's withdrawal could best be pursued through negotiation. Part of this belief doubtless sprang from what one colleague later called a "David Susskind syndrome," the notion that on first meeting one's opponent face to face the conflict could rapidly be solved; but Kissinger's optimism was born of a deeper attitude that the NLF and the North Vietnamese, dedicated revolutionaries though they were, would one day be responsive to the overwhelming power of the American military, that they could be threatened and—if necessary—beaten into submission.

This attitude, however, was not entirely visible on the eve of Kissinger's accession, because in 1967 and 1968 he had privately put forward a position on the war that made him look far more dovish than anyone in academia, let alone government: the notion of the "decent interval." According to this scheme, an agreement permitting the collapse of the Saigon regime would be negotiated privately with the North Vietnamese. The plan was for the United States to begin removing forces at a rapid rate; after all of them had finally departed, the rebel forces would sit tight for a previously agreed-on period of time. Finally, after this "decent interval" — designed to dissociate American withdrawal from the fall of Saigon and thus eliminate the appearance of American failure — the insurgents would then rise up and destroy the South Vietnamese regime. Thus, Hanoi would have achieved its goals, the United States would have been successfully disengaged, and the structure of America's international relations would remain essentially intact.

On entering office, Kissinger abandoned the idea of negotiating a "decent interval" with the North Vietnamese. Many factors could have contributed to his change of position: the North Vietnamese may have met such a suggestion with skepticism and distrust; and it was unclear that Nixon had ever approved of the interval idea at all, that he was willing to sacrifice the Saigon regime in talks with Hanoi. In any event, the decent interval was transformed into what was known in White House jargon as "firebreak"; the United States would leave Vietnam in a show of military force, and only after Saigon had been sufficiently shored up so that it might survive on its own. With the "decent interval" the South Vietnamese would only have been given a year or two to last after the final American withdrawals; but now, under "firebreak," Saigon would be guaranteed a minimum of three to five years — a guarantee which the American Administration proposed to keep, if necessary, by physical force.

In fact, the new Administration began almost immediately to treat US involvement in Vietnam as a military conquest. In March 1969, a contingent of US Marines entered Laos in a mission now known as Dewey Canyon I — a mission which even a number of close Kissinger aides did not know of at the time. The bombing of predominantly civilian areas in Laos was vastly stepped up, and the US air command began the use of B-52s in raids on Cambodia that May. Throughout this period, Kissinger was telling visitors — particularly student groups — that the war would be over soon, that the Administration needed only nine more months to master the situation and begin to move the US out.

But then, it was not so surprising that Kissinger would consciously misrepresent the Administration's position. For it was part and parcel of great-power diplomacy that one must lie and distort to attain one's ends. And in fact it was Kissinger who — more than anybody else in the White House — perpetuated the myth to colleagues and friends that the United States was gradually extricating itself from Indochina and would continue to do so regardless of the circumstances. In private meetings with visitors — and in background sessions with the press — Kissinger continued to imply that American withdrawal would soon be final and unconditional. "He never said it that way," one former Defense Department official said recently, "but in a way that he gave people the impression that the President was really getting us out of Vietnam."

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By the fall of 1969, it had become clear to critical observers that the new Administration was not going to opt for immediate extrication; the removal of ground troops was slow and inconclusive, and the rest of the war machinery continued to pound away at all of Indochina. President Nixon's November 1969 nationwide address—the Vietnamization speech, largely of Kissinger's design—was an attempt to buy time for the war by neutralizing domestic opposition, time which would be spent to practice strategy and tactics against the NLF and Hanoi. As one former White House consultant recently put it, "It then occurred to the people that what he [Kissinger] basically had in mind was a policy of threat." And the US invasion of Cambodia some months later demonstrated clearly that the political strategy had remained the same, regardless of military conditions.

Not that Cambodia made any sense from a military point of view. In fact, each of the major reasons which the Administration cited as provoking the invasion was a greater falsehood than the next. Nixon claimed in his speech that South Vietnam was threatened by the sudden appearance of the North Vietnamese on its Cambodian flank, yet subsequent reports have shown that the North Vietnamese had in fact been drifting westward and waiting cautiously to see what action the rightist military junta of Lon Nol — who had overthrown neutralist Prince Norodom Sihanouk the month before—would take against them. And a major *ex post facto* rationale for the invasion — that it closed the port of Sihanoukville — is an even greater fabrication: authoritative Administration sources now state that Sihanoukville was closed to the communists by Sihanouk himself in late 1969 in an effort to force the North Vietnamese in Cambodia to recognize Sihanouk's territorial rights at the end of their war with the United States. According to sources in the Administration's intelligence network, all the correct information had been placed on Kissinger's desk in the form of intelligence reports some time before the decision to invade.

It is true that the White House received vastly conflicting reports on the military and political situation inside Cambodia. But the certainty with which Nixon presented the invasion to the American public was in itself a bold-faced lie. And the political motivations for Cambodia clearly originated with Nixon and Kissinger. On an international level, America's great nemesis and North Vietnam's principal supporter — the Soviet Union — had moved new, powerful missiles into the Middle East. The North Vietnamese were posing an implicit threat to the regime of America's ally, Lon Nol. At home, congressional liberals had repudiated the White House on Judge Carswell and the Family Assistance Plan. Nixon and Kissinger wanted to show all these forces that the Administration was strong, manly, and unpredictable. And without consulting either Congress—or at any great length—the Secretaries of State and Defense, the White House moved ahead and made the decision with full speed.

Because Kissinger's conversations with Nixon are secret, it is unclear precisely what role he played in the decision to invade Cambodia. It seems evident, however, that he recommended some form of escalation—such as the bombing of North Vietnam—and it is well-known that he supported the decision that Nixon finally made. And it is certain that the action was perfectly consonant with Kissinger's notions of the use and threat of force.

The invasion of Cambodia was an incontestable expression of a policy that the Administration had been following all along: escalation and graduated threat. As a result of the action, Allied forces are now fighting in Cambodia, and the United States has been committed to a defense of Lon Nol as well as Thieu-Ky. And the invasion was a jumping-off point for other aggressive actions by which the United States has simultaneously attempted to demonstrate its strength and unpredictability: a brutal bombing raid on North Vietnam last November and the ground invasion of Laos by the South Vietnamese last February.

The Laos invasion — the first real test of Vietnamization" — was a miserable failure; one ex-staff assistant remarked recently of Kissinger, "His policy is in the same position as Johnson's was in '68, and he knows it." Nonetheless, the failure in Laos has merely deflected the US effort to escalate the war. For although US ground troops continue to pour out of South Vietnam, Nixon's and Kissinger's refusal to set a deadline for withdrawal seems to indicate plans for leaving a residual force — one that will be small enough not to offend the American public and yet large enough to sustain Saigon indefinitely. And with the machinery of American involvement in South Vietnam — the bombers, the spy planes, the computers and automated battlefields — left intact, further escalation may well take the form of renewed bombing of the North, and, perhaps, the destruction of Hanoi and Haiphong.

For his own part, Kissinger is certainly willing to escalate further. He is hard-line and uncompromising. The more frustrated a problem gets, the more vindictive and personalized his judgment becomes. And he has yet to recognize that it would require little less than wholesale slaughter to defeat Hanoi and the NLF in their native lands. "Henry," an ex-aide said recently, "is not willing to accept the imbalance of power which is there as a reality."

The regimes which Nixon and Kissinger seek to defend in Southeast Asia are among the most cruel and totalitarian in the world. Their leaders imprison their political enemies, commit indiscriminate murder, and impose a rule of terror and dictatorship on their native populations. And it is not out of some perverted sense of fairness or democracy that these regimes are being defended. It is out of a harsh, brutal calculation of what an imperialist power like the United States must do to maintain itself in the world.

If smaller, more vulnerable men like Lt. William Calley can be sentenced for killing women and children in Vietnam, then there must be a higher tribunal for statesmen like Kissinger, who uphold the policies which make such atrocities necessary. But then, there is always the danger of lapsing into academic exercises about old atrocities when other deeper-lying ones have yet to surface. And if Henry Kissinger can be accused of anything, it is playing his power game so well that his policy threatens to explode the very balance of forces which he has so ruthlessly defended.

David Landau, managing editor for the Harvard Crimson, *is now finishing his thesis on Henry Kissinger. A version of this article appeared in the* Crimson.

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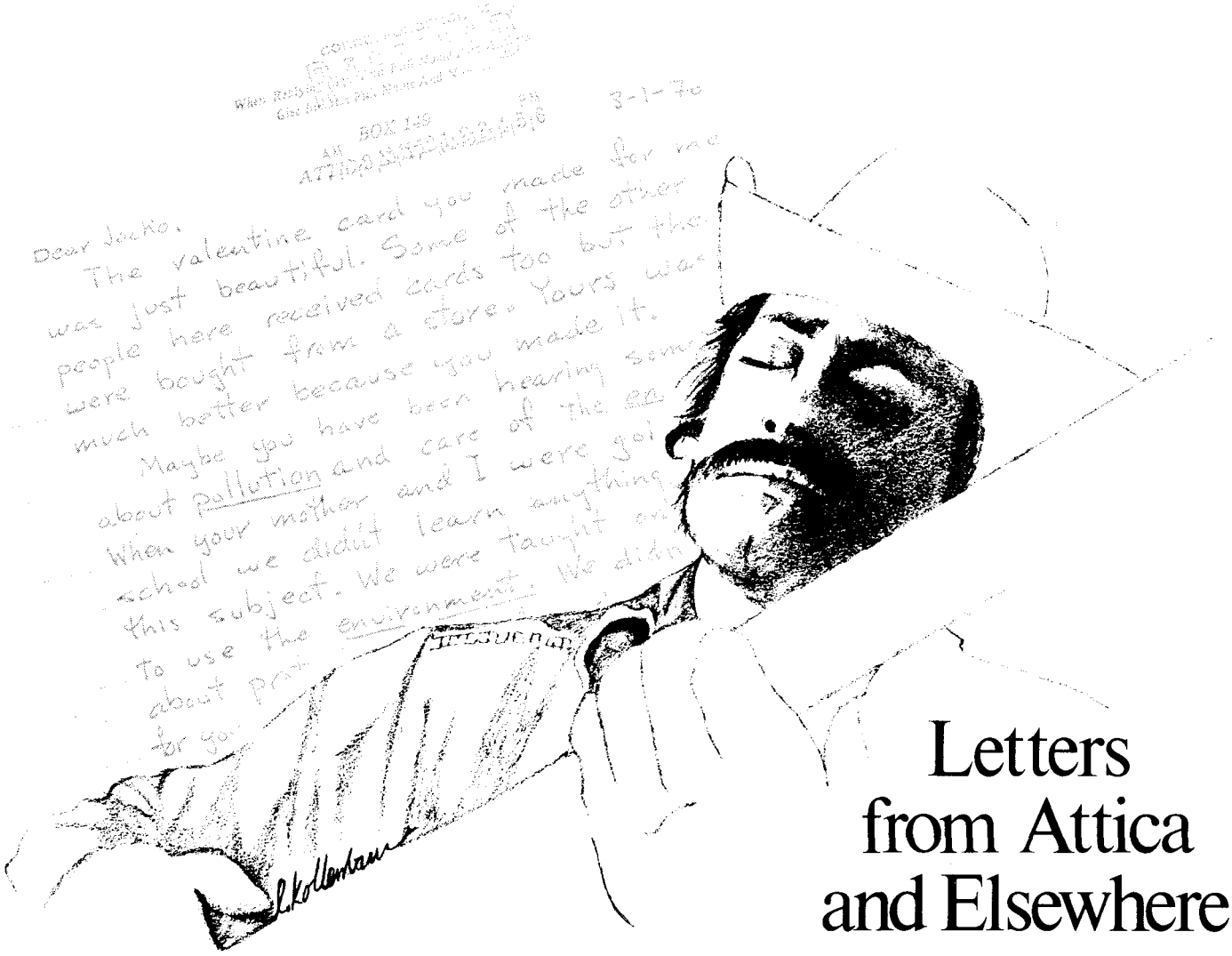

Letters from Attica and Elsewhere

Whatever else it was, the revolt at Attica was also an eruption of humanity in the hard, brutal landscape of prison life. The shocking contrast between the way the inmates seized control over their own lives and the blood lust of the state, between the thinking behind their carefully articulated demands and the perfunctory and conflicting reasons Governor Rockefeller and other state officials offered in ordering the bloodbath—these elements show dramatically how the individual inmate is caught in the vise of a system that is both illogical and murderous, a system that may be beyond reform.

The uprising at Attica was like a flower trying to push up through concrete. And the catastrophe which unfolded on the grey, teargas-shrouded morning of September 13 was repeated on a smaller scale for each person involved. Many of the participants—blacks and Puerto Ricans who had moved in lockstep from the ghetto to the penitentiary—learned for the first time to think of themselves as political prisoners. Sam Melville, a white, was one prisoner who was in Attica for committing an overtly political crime. Arrested in November 1969 (after being betrayed by a friend who turned out to be a police informer) Melville and others were charged with a series of bombings in Manhattan between July and November of that year. He pleaded guilty to bombing such buildings as Whitehall Selective Service Center and the Chase Manhattan Bank.

Each of the bombings was accompanied by calls to insure that injuries were avoided and by detailed communiques pointing out that the business which transpired within these structures spread death and poverty all over the state.

Born and raised in Buffalo, Melville (born Grossman, but taking the name of the American novelist) was 18 when he moved to New York in the mid-'50s. He made money singing, even working for a time as a cantor. He got to know some communists and helped organize taxi drivers. He held various jobs, one of them in a firm that designed hydraulic systems for buildings; he was asked to move to South Africa with the job, and refused. He was married, had a child, and was divorced.

In 1969 Melville was involved in the demonstrations against Columbia University. Then, as the war droned on, he launched his own offensive against the pillars of New York finance and the war machine, which he saw as real evils, not just symbols.

After his arrest, Melville was sent to the Federal House of Detention in Manhattan. Following two escape attempts,

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authorities shipped him off to the Tombs, where he remained until his conviction in June 1970. At the time of his sentencing, the judge chastized him for the $100,000 worth of damage done to Whitehall. Melville replied, "That's about two Viet Cong." He was sent to Sing Sing and then to Attica on an 18-year sentence.

The letters which follow are both insights into the prison system and testimonials to Sam Melville's lonely courage. Written between 1968 and 1971 most of them are to John Cohen, a close friend; one is to his son, and one to State Commissioner of Corrections Russell Oswald.

[My dear brother]

I'VE STARTED SEVERAL LETTERS to you and wind up tearing them up thinking they might reflect a mood of despondency i'm not proud of. i'll say your letter and a visit from Sharon picked me up a lot. But my prevailing mood must be called despair. Living among *our* people and taking from amerika that amount i could stomach made me forget the vast waste of inhumanity that dominates this country. Here, i'm struck with the overwhelming insanity of popular opinion and taste without any relief! i don't know how long i'll be able to take prison life. imagine yourself having to go back to our lives of eight or ten years ago when the only break in the monotonous hypocrisy of society was to meet someone else, every once in a while, who felt your loneliness (which came out only as bitterness). Couple this with a world *completely devoid of women!* Mostly, now, i feel whatever i may have hoped to accomplish simply was a waste. Just one more nut who freaked out and took an O.D. or climbed up a tower and fruitlessly gunned down everything in sight. i know there is a Jane and a John and young brothers and sisters with another way, another music, another look, another *smell!* But it's all so unreal here. At first the shock of the arrest and the feeling of a common enemy made me groove on my cellmates, but after a while i began to see so painfully the pettyness and hatred that is their "preferred" makeup. telling myself these are my fellow creatures just doesn't help for very long. i'm not Christ though i might like to think so sometimes. My greatest fear is that my glib answer to the charge of *insanity* was merely a malevolent society's way of dealing with an individual's action which threatens the functioning of that society. Now i'm beginning to realize there are creatures who, driven to despair at finding love, actually doubt their own reasoning apparatus, their own *needs*. I'm told by some that once i get to a bonafide prison, i'll be able to get almost any literature short of pornography and be able to have visits from anyone except co-defendants. It's a slender thread of consolation. My real options are (when i have the courage to face them): to become an expert in gin rummy or the grand master of postal chess. There really isn't much else. I haven't much hope of beating the rap. When i asked Crain whether i faced five years or fifty, he said with a frown, i'd better figure fifty. John, i don't think i'm strong enough. I think sometimes i have much love for some people and beliefs but i also know that my response to my environment is that of a pragmatic animal. I seek to satisfy my basic needs . . . not hunger or shelter from a hostile nature; but the soft voice of a woman, the laughter of a shared friend . . . *these* are my basic needs!

I watched the spectacle of the Army-Navy football game on TV today. The close-ups of the faces sent shutters through me. Strong, crew-cut young men and obedient young women. Uniformed. Cheering. Mad. Completely mad. Camera cut-outs of General Westmoreland. It was a scene i lived twenty years ago. If my personal despair is reading the signs accurately, we're in for very rough times. Maybe we'll all be together soon. Somehow, i hope not.

i love you

[Dear Jocko]

3/1/70

The valentine card you made for me was just beautiful. Some of the other people here received cards too but they were bought from a store. Yours was so much better because you made it.

Maybe you have been hearing some things about *pollution* and care of the *environment*. When your mother and I were going to school we didn't learn anything about the subject. We were taught only how to use the *environment*. We didn't know about protecting it and caring for it. Now, for you and your friends, and all the living creatures of the world, it is the *most important* part of your education. *Pollution* means to poison and to make unpure. *Environment* means all that is around us including the air, the water and the earth. New York City is your *environment*. The air you breath in New York City is very different from the air in some other places. It's dirtier, thicker and doesn't smell so good. It is even poisonous to some people and many kinds of animals. It is *polluted*. Mainly it is *polluted* because of the gasoline engines in automobiles and buses and all the many factories like Con Ed that send up smoke into the air. If your school teachers are not teaching you anything about this you must begin to ask them questions about it. Ask mommy and talk about it with your friends. If you don't learn about pollution and how you can correct it, soon the air will be so bad that nobody will be able to be healthy.

What I told you about not eating meat is also important to this subject. The animals you eat are part of the *environment*. You must think of them as your fellow creatures to share the earth with.

I still have not received any pictures of you. Please tell mommy to take some and send them to me. I am very lonely and I would like to be reminded of you and the pictures would help.

When you write to me ask me questions about the *pollution* and *environment* and *vegetarianism* (not eating meat) and anything you have been thinking about.

I miss you and I love you.

Daddy.

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[Dear brother]

5-16-70

I THINK THE COMBINATION OF AGE and a greater coming together is responsible for the speed of the passing time. it's six months now & i can tell you truthfully few periods in my life have passed so quickly. i am in excellent physical and emotional health. there are doubtless subtle surprises ahead but i feel secure and ready.

as lovers will contrast their emotions in times of crisis, so am i dealing with my environment. in the indifferent brutality, the incessant noise, the experimental chemistry of food, the ravings of lost hysterical men i can act with clarity and meaning. i am deliberate—sometimes even calculating—seldom employing histrionics except as a test of the reactions of others. i read much, exercise, talk to guards and inmates, feeling for the inevitable direction of my life.

special love to flotsam and brood,
chalene, lenny, jetsam.

despite by & large a better education and intelligence, the federal prisoners are quite inferior to the state prisoners at chess play. federal inmates have more privileges (diversions) so they don't play as much.
but there's more to it. federal crimes are things like mail theft, forgery, drug smuggling, bank robbery—usually nonviolent crimes. whereas state offences often involve assault, even murder & usually include a deadly weapon. state inmates are direct bold individuals living in a not-so-quiet state of desperation. in chess, contrary to popular thinking, the bold aggressive stroke, the brilliant sacrifice will almost invariably triumph over the devious, prudent maneuver. great regis! a lesson for the revolution?

address your stuff to my cell: 8UA5
—watch the parking meters.

on monday night (5-11) at about 11 PM the unmistakable blast of dynamite jolted the sleepy inmates. whistles, power calls & right-ons kept us up a long while. it took a full 12-15 minutes for police & fire engines to respond. we learned from a guard the next day it was a garage housing vehicles of city or govt employees. what i saw of the media carried nothing on it. little damage was done although i'm sure it was a large charge & evidently placed in an automobile.

state sentence: June 5
fed sentence; June 19
predicted total time: 15 years
(they haven't got it to give)

just 2 cells away are the two young taiwanese who alledgedly attempted to assassinate Chaings heir at the waldorf a couple of weeks ago. they are good, together people & although we are on different walk schedules we have had long harangues about nationalism & the international revolution. i like them very much. with them & two others, we make up the intelligentsia of our block. perhaps not a formidable accomplishment but we do what we can. the other two are: a black actor charged with a shotgun-slaying of a viet marine hero in greenwich village in 1967 (he got a hung jury & the case is still pending after 3 years imprisonment); a frail, impossibly hassidic jew charged with (get ready for this) a knife duel killing of a puerto rican over the favors of a prostitute. moishe is a characture of the brooklyn sect. surely tomorrow is the very last day.

i have little to say regarding out last court appearance & its possible effects. i just don't think folks need further demonstrations of the courts bankruptcy. for the few who were looking forward to some antics there is little revolutionary future. i may be overlooking something & please tell me if i am but in a strict sense Pollack was right: ours is not a political case. we aren't testing the letter or the intent of the law. the *law* is our enemy. with ones enemy it is sometimes expedient to make deals. but to be forced to acknowledge their procedure & rhetoric without denying their authority would be treachery. there are other reasons of course but none the lawyers have been able to comprehend. i leave that to minds with greater tolerance than mine. the panther trials are quite different though. i'm sure you see that.

love to all
S

Sept. 6, 1970

Dear John,

Attica, formerly the hunting grounds of the Seneca tribe of the Iroquois nation, now the adjuvant, parasitic landscape of the Bethlehem[!] Steel cartel, is now my home. The architecture is best described as expedient Byzantine. The population is predominantly tacit porcine. It shows a lot.

We are not permitted to write about the prison nor to solicit funds or packages—for excellent reasons.

Put the following down on your list for immediate action:

1. Subscribe to the daily [not Sunday] N. Y. Times;
2. Subscribe to Monthly Review and Trans-Action (Irving Louis Horowitz's magazine);
3. Transfer about $20 from the Defense Fund to me here via *postal* money order;
4. Get a lawyer. I intend to fight before going insane. *Write soon.*

Sam Melville #26124

Sept. 20, 1970

Actually it's been only about a month since i last heard from you but Attica represented such a cultural shock to me it seems much longer. I'm becoming somewhat acclimated now & tho i lack the double Y chromosome factor of most of my neighbors, i have managed to effect a significantly belligerant enough aspect to gain, if not the respect, at least the acquiescence of my fellow felons.

Owing to my extensive experience in pipe design & music the authorities have assigned me to the Shoe Shop where i have moved quickly into the ranking group of checker players. Penitentiary checkers, which i hope you may never have occasion to play, is somewhat different than the virginal pasttime you may have learned as a boy. This, i think, is owing to the overwhelming ebony influence. The board & pieces are the same but the non-kings are obliged to jump both front & back if the opportunity exists & the kings may jump the entire eight squares or any part of the

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Sam Melville

Underneath my lids another eye has opened
it looks nakedly
at the light

that soaks in from the city of pain
even when I sleep

Steadily it regards
everything I am going through

and more

it sees the clubs and rifle-butts
rising and falling
it sees

detail not on TV

the fingers of the policewoman
searching the cunt of the young prostitute
it sees

the roaches dropping into the pan
where the pork is cooked
in the House of D

it sees
the violence
embedded in silence

This eye
is not for weeping
its vision
must be unblurred

though tears are on my face

it must forget
nothing

—ADRIENNE RICH

diagonal. It's a little more subtle than your other checkers but somehow i don't envisage becoming passionate about it. The penalties for losing range from 10 to 50 push-ups or 3 "hootchy-cootchies." A hootchy-cootchy consists of placing the hands on the hips and suggestively moving that part of the anatomy the repudiation & shame of which, Freud has submitted, is responsible for the malaise of western civilization. Hootchy-cootchy, by the way, I suspect, has some etymological consanguinity* with the word the Iroquois used for home-made liquor: hootcheney.

I'm taking steps to be transferred to the school program but as yet i'm termed a security risk which, at Attica, is an absurdity Camus would have difficulty explaining.

Make tracks to get a sub to the Times (not Sunday). There's not exactly a plethora of news reports in the Niagara purlieu. Please don't treat my request for the Oxford English Dictionary & a good thesaurus as a spurious whim. These are to have priority over every other requests i've made including food, money, books or even visits. Should books be easily available by all means have them sent. Any non-fiction title is welcome. I'm especially anxious to read Robt. Jay Lipton's recent Random House pub. & Kate Millet's book which will be permitted here.

I can't expect you to visit up here tho i would like to see your beautiful head again but *please!* write at least a note every 3-4 weeks. I've no word of David & i'm sure his situation is altered since June. I'm not completely free of insecurity & your lack of response sometimes makes me think i'm imposing. Circumstances change folks so quickly now i can't be sure where you're at. Forgive me if that seems lack of fealty. Be assured it is not.

My love to you & our brothers and sisters.

Sam Melville #26124

P.s. We are now allowed instruments. My psychic stock rose 100%. Have you sent those music books & strings?

*If i had an O.E.D. you might not be burdened with such constructions.

Dec. 25, 1970

Dear John et al,

Misc:

The Times stopped Dec. 14. I wrote them to ask if the sub expired & if so to renew & send you the bill. Nothing yet. Please check.

Wide World Photos

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Received the package most gratefully. Dates & nuts is real funky food. I wasn't allowed to see the letter in the pack. You should know by now anything that's logical & direct is against the rules.

Got your news of Char. She's beautiful. About receiving Good Times—send it. Send anything. Send everything! Something will get thru. Prison teaches some skills in this regard.

Just after your last visit a bunch of "adventurists" were busted in Lindsayville. I haven't heard anything since. Let me know. Also, what's the denouement of the Seattle conspiracy?

I'm in keeplock for the third time in as many months. This will be a 10 day stretch, maybe more. It's better now tho; I'm in C block with a door & window. It's quiet & I can control the heat. The "food" that's passed thru the door I relay on to the wierd creatures who gather at the windowsill. They're the mangiest critters you ever saw. About half the size of crows, brownish-gray. The snow is deep & it's really cold & they shiver so pathetically. Maybe they're a special genus who exist only around prisons. It's for sure they couldn't survive without inmates feeding them.

I sort of welcome the keeplock. The school was getting to be a drag. Now I'm working hard on Spanish & reading Trotsky (I copped the one volume at the library). I'm really getting good at Spanish. The feed-up man is puerto-ricaño & we rap thru the slot in the door. Before I moved, I worked out almost everyday with the latins in D block. They are fine, generous hermanos y muy aplicados. I used to study with a lady. She was very good but she had this soft way of slurring syllables I found distracting. It wasn't her fault. She spoke english the same way. Even when she spoke Greek she said the same thing. It had nothing whatever to do with verbs & nouns.

Naturally, I'm spending time with my body. It's not surnuf yoga but the control I'm gaining gives me much confidence. Sometimes my knees & ankles absolutely refuse any cooperation. But I keep right on them, cursing and forcing them to make love with my back muscles. With a lot of imagination, I can even get a little turned on tucking my nose into the scrotum.

I work the guitar some. Not hearing the good sounds or playing with others is very limiting. I'm going to write the folk center & ask Izzy to send some stuff & bill you. Okay?

"The spirit is of no avail against the sword, but the spirit together with the sword will always win out against the sword alone. . . . And I am tempted to tell you that it so happens that we are fighting for fine distinctions, but the kind of distinctions that are as important as man himself. We are fighting for the distinction *between sacrifice & mysticism* [outasite], between energy & violence, between strength & cruelty, for that even finer distinction between the true & the false, between the men of the future & the cowardly gods you revere."

Camus: Letters to a German Friend, 1944.

Love to all.

Sam Melville #26124

merry Christmas happy tet

I wanna be exchanged for POW's too.

[Five untitled, undated pages]

Since December 1970, I have been trying to get assigned as a C block porter. I was told by other inmates that if I worked a while in the messhall I would probably get it. Although the messhall work is long hard hours and 7 days per week, you lock in C block and that's where you have to be to get a C block porter assignment. On March 10, I moved to C block assigned to the messhall. I worked hard and co-operated in every way without incident or report until April 30. When I was returning from work at 5:30 I stopped to chat briefly with a friend who locks a few doors away. Virtually all inmates do this every night until the officer on duty rings the bell to lock in.

As I prepared to leave for work the next morning I found I was keep locked. This was Saturday May 1. Since the disciplinary tribunal does not meet on weekends I had to wait until Monday to know the charges against me. The charges read to me in "court" Monday said I refused to lock in when told to by the officer on duty and also that I made a contemptuous gesture to the officer. I of course denied the charge. The charge was signed by an officer Brown. The chief officer Mulrooney then asked me who locked in 36-5 cell, that I felt compelled to speak to every night. I said I didn't see how that was relevant. Mulrooney said he didn't care what I thought was relevant and insisted I answer his question. I said if he wanted to know so badly he could easily look it up. He then sentenced me to 5 days K.L. with 2 days served (the Saturday & Sunday preceding my "court" appearance).

On Wednesday May 5, I was released and reported back to the messhall. The next day I was told to pack up, I was moving. I asked where to and was told one flight downstairs to the C block porters company. Naturally I was glad. I reported to work after moving my things and was told I was an extra, that I would be assigned in a few days.

On Tuesday May 11, I was called in to the desk and told I was moving to D block to be assigned to the State shop (where incoming inmates are fitted for clothing). Normally you are not moved from one block to another unless you request it. I protested I had made no request to move and did not want to move. The officers said they would have to move me if I refused. They suggested I lock in at my new location and I would go to "court" the next day. I did. At court the chief officer said he didn't know why I was moved and that I should put in a request to see the Deputy Warden and he could explain. He further suggested I report to work as assigned to avoid further difficulties. I did as instructed. The next day, Thursday, May 13, I was called to the administration for an interview with Mr. Pfeil, the assistant deputy warden. I asked him why I was moved. He replied Mr. Mancusi had instructed it, that I was a security risk and could better be supervised in D block. I asked in what way was D block any more secure than C block. He replied he was only following orders and if I wanted to see the warden I should put in an interview request.

I returned to my cell and informed the officer on duty I was refusing any further co-operation. I was immediately

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K.L. On the next morning, Friday, May 14, I appeared once more before the disciplinary tribunal. I told them I was refusing any further assignment until either I spoke with my attorney or they restored my former assignment as C block porter. They said the warden had ordered the change and they had not the power to move me back. They gave me 7 days K.L. for refusing work.

[Sent to Commissioner of Correction – June 21, 1971]

June 20, 1971

Dear Mr. Oswald,
I am in punitive segregation at Attica prison.

Chronology of events:

May 7: moved without request from C block porter to D block State Shop.
May 10: interview with Mr. Pfeil to ascertain why I was moved. He said the warden thinks I am better supervised in D block. I refuse to work until restored to C Block.
May 12: Sentenced to 8 days keeplock.
May 21: Again refuse to work.
May 22: Sentenced to keeplock pending interview with Deputy Warden
June 4: Mr. Vincent sentences me to 30 days in punitive segregation with 15 days lost time.
June 15: When returning from exercise yard I am told to fold my arms (for the first time). I refuse.
June 16: Sentenced to "14 days keeplock or until he conforms to rules."

I want to be restored to my former position as C block porter and my lost time returned to me. If I am to remain in punitive segregation I want exercise privileges.

Sam Melville #26124

[Health Report]

For t past several weeks, since shortly after i entered t box, I have had mild headaches almost daily. T doctor gave me a pill called HPC which didn't help. After a week I complained again & this time i received a small pink pill (enclosed). T doctor refuses to tell me what it is. These seemed to help for a while. During t past week, t intensity of t pain has increased a lot. When i exercise my head pounds unbearably. T pills no longer help at all.

I went on sick call Aug. 3 & told t doctor (Sternberg) i didn't want to keep taking pills that didn't seem to help much & that i thought i should have an examination. Sternberg said very scornfully that other people are now doing my thinking for me, continue taking the pills & go back to my cell.

I protested, trying to control my anger. He cut me off saying my records indicate I was in good health when i entered prison. When i said that was nearly 2 years ago, he replied he knew when it was. He gave me a pass & told me to go to first aid. There my blood pressure was taken and i reported back to the doctor w/ a note stating my b.p. Sternberg said my b.p. was normal & to continue taking t pills. He told t guard to escort me to my cell.

I have no history of this kind of thing & i'm a little worried. My head aches virtually all t time now & any strenuous movement triggers a very heavy throbbing behind t eyes. And it's not exactly comforting to know t mortality rate at Attica rivals that of t Bengla Desh.

August 16, 1971

I was allowed to look at (but not keep) a notice from t pigs saying t following books were reviewed in Albany & I would *not* be permitted to have them:

1. Weatherman
2. Workers World (3 copies)
3. Martin Sostre in Court
4. A True Revolutionary
5. Prisoners Call Out Freedom
6. U.S. Prisons 1971

T notice said I was to choose between sending t books back to t publishers, holding them in my property, or sending them to someone on my correspondence list.

They are also holding, tho no longer admit it, Seize T Time (8 months), Prison Diary of A Revolutionary Priest (at least 3 months) & Five Reports from t Underground Press (one month).

—Duplicate t 2 Ramparts letters, file one set & return one set to me.
—Pig Boyle still terrorizes t halls only now his friends help out.
—Have not received Lib Guardian article
—I have perpetual headaches—no longer taking pills
—Robin was moved to B block metal shop—usually reserved for trouble-makers.
—Dictionary was stolen from my cell.

All rules are now *strictly* enforced. Attire, haircuts, lining up, no talking, no wearing hats—everything. You're busted for dispensing lit, holding meetings, or staring at pigs. We are treated as dogs.

Don't wag your righteous finger at Mancusi & pretend you're shocked. Sue t motherfucker or better yet shoot him. But for christs sake do something.

Sam

* * *

On September 13, just one hour after Cellblock D was declared "secure," Assistant Commissioner of Corrections Walter Dunbar, who had refused to identify those who had been killed and wounded, told newsmen that "Mad Bomber Melville" had been picked off by a sharpshooter. The Young Lords posted an honor guard at his casket and the Black Panther Party members included him in their service for several slain black inmates in New York City. Copyright estate of Sam Melville.

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ORGANIZING *(From Page 15)*
the beginning of this new phase of struggle, comparable to the escalation of the Vietnam war in February 1965. His program was from the outset a pro-business affair, with a $50 increase in personal income tax exemptions tokenly balanced against a massive tax break for new corporate investment. But when, 48 hours after the initial announcement, the Administration called on working people not to strike for 90 days and made clear that *this* part of the "voluntary" program would be enforced with $5000 fines for every violation, the deeply reactionary character of what was afoot became apparent.

It is a tragedy that no national movement organization existed to respond, if only in words, to this proto-fascist plan.

Beyond words, what might an emergent national movement organization do about this situation?

Taxes. Tax reform requires action at the local, state, and national levels. The property tax is locally administered (although in a framework of law and regulation which comes down from the state capitol). Local governments sometimes have the authority to increase drastically the assessment of industry and, when they do not, public exposure at a local level can prod state bodies to act. Direct action is also possible: In Indiana, non-payment of property taxes cannot be prosecuted for two years. Where public school systems are gasping for funds and the burden of the property tax falls most heavily on working-class homeowners, reform of the property tax is an especially promising issue. A radical movement should strive to unite teachers and working-class taxpayers by insisting that needed additional tax revenue come from corporations. Property taxes, like other taxes, should be applied only to excess wealth or abolished entirely. The first ten to twenty-five thousand dollars of value of a home should be exempt from taxation and special provisions need to be made for the elderly, the unemployed, and others unable to keep their homes at high tax rates.

Reduction or abolition of the sales tax is a natural focus for statewide action, and increase in personal exemptions for a national campaign. Perhaps by April 15, 1972 or 1973 the new movement would feel ready to call a national taxpayers' demonstration, similar to the first Vietnam demonstration in April 1965.

The Right to Strike. Often injunctions are worded to apply to members of a union or employees at a workplace and (as in *Salt Of The Earth*) persons not included in the injunction can picket, boycott, or whatever in an entirely non-patronizing and functional way. A systematic program for acting out the right to strike in defiance of Nixon's New Order is probably the single most important thing a national movement organization could undertake.

Prices. Food conspiracies to make food available more cheaply should be combined with direct action against especially exploitive supermarkets. Although this is a kind of action which can readily be undertaken by local groups acting alone, a national movement organization could help to generalize these tactics and could give them visibility. While making clear our hostility to Nixon's program as a whole, we should take hold of its one progressive element, the freeze on prices. Just as John L. Lewis organized the coal fields after the passage of the National Recovery Act using the slogan, "The President wants you to join the union," we should try to enforce and continue price control.

Jobs. In a community like Gary, where 70 percent of the steelworkers at U.S. Steel have been laid off, the need is for what SDS community organizers used to call "jobs or income now." In such situations we should demand that, when unemployment compensation and supplemental unemployment benefit funds are exhausted, companies should bear financial responsibility for their laid-off employees and continue to pay benefits directly from profits until all are rehired or employed.

Our approach to joblessness should include the perspective of sharing equitably what work is available. In industrial situations, this might mean foregoing overtime so long as any are without work. Ex-student radicals who are now "new-working-class" professionals can make precisely analogous proposals that full professors of history (for instance) should give up part of their work and income, and as many young teachers as possible be hired to teach a half or a quarter of a teaching load at a half or a quarter of a full-time salary. This is desirable in any case because the low rate of pay for part-time work penalizes those who can only work part-time due to childcare or other responsibilities.

These suggestions for action on economic issues are necessarily sketchy because they are largely untested. My point is simply that we leave much undone that we should be doing because we have no national program and no national coordinating instrument.

AT THE BEGINNING OF LARGE enterprises it is a good idea to be skeptical and sober, for the odds are overwhelmingly against the first effort to rebuild the national movement ever getting off the ground. Whoever initiates the effort is in for criticism, be their record of past activity pure as snow. So many people have been so hurt in the attempt to offer leadership that this in itself will lead many to stand on the sidelines, torn between the natural wish to rebuild the movement and the stronger passion, burned into them by movement in-fighting, not to take chances.

The very absence of a national movement has led each partial manifestation to see its own constituency or program as the whole of political reality. The bitterness occasioned by these artificial divisions will not heal quickly.

I for one am prepared to take part in new efforts to create a national movement.

I believe it is important to move toward a national organization so as to provide an alternative for people's energy during a presidential election year. But I think we should make haste slowly. One or two programs, well conceived, and administered by a simple structure expressly recognized to be provisional until more people are involved, is what should be aimed at initially. By November 1972, there will be plenty of people disillusioned from one more trip on the electoral merry-go-round ready to look Left with us. ■

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From the Cockettes With Love and Squalor

"When the cards are stacked against you, play the Fool. The Cockettes are queens with a manic sense of humor, fools in their mothers' fur coats and their fathers' buckle-up Army boots-- fools, beautiful fools, in love."

THE PALACE THEATRE in San Francisco's North Beach is a seedy movie house that sometimes presents Chinese opera and other oriental features. It stands juxtaposed to a statue of Ben Franklin directly across the street in Washington Square Park, and the monumental and impressive flood-lighted facade of S.S. Peter and Paul's Church, kiddie-corner.

At least one weekend a month, when the church is locked and the parks are dark and chilly, the people pack the Palace, home of the Nocturnal Dream Show, the host to the maddest, most outrageous, surreal entertainers in San Francisco: the Cockettes.

Usually there's a line stretching several hundred feet down the street and around the corner. But there's also a mob in front of the theatre that doesn't believe in giving up. The police work vainly against the bulging crowd that threatens to spill over into Columbus Avenue. When the door finally opens and the bewildered Chinese, having sat through some celluloid oriental epic, file out through a corridor in the crowd, the crush of bodies that ensues brings to mind the stampede of pushing, shoving humanity that ends Nathanael West's *Day Of The Locust*. You set your arms rigid against your rib cage, take a deep breath, lift your feet and let yourself be carried along.

Freaks. Inside, if you're lucky enough to get a seat, you sit and watch the parade file in. It's an audience that has been coached in man-

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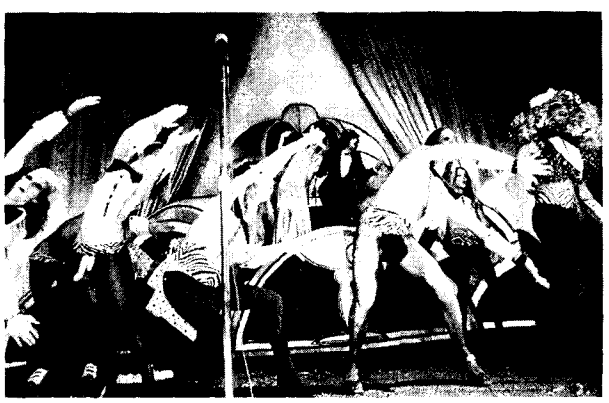
The Cockettes represent artistic and cultural anarchy in the midst of general constipation and ambiguity.



ner and dress by their idols, the Cockettes. Which means that they're straight out of Dali's imagination, or Artaud's madness, or Baudelaire's hash dreams. Example: I go to the downstairs men's room and am standing at a urinal when a long-legged beauty with blond bouffant hair-do and mini-skirt walks in, approaches the urinal next to me, raises her skirt and pulls out her cock. OK. But then I turn to leave and bump into a nun coming through the door. And I mean a *perfect nun!* I resist the temptation to return and watch him/her/it pee, and return to my seat wondering if the nun used a private stall or just stood there at the urinal, raising her full length habit.

The place is teeming with bodies and the energy level is incredible. Every square foot of the aisles is packed with huddled humanity (I later learn that the police and fire inspector considered moving in and clearing the place but chickened out. Wisely.) Joints are passed openly and red wine and beer flow freely. Occasionally, a queen crosses the stage and blows kisses. Hoots and applause. The nun returns from the lower depths and wends her way through the mangle of flesh to her seat. More cheers. Throwing a kiss she genuflects.

The lights begin to dim and the audience howls. "Ladies and gentlemen," intones the barker through the loud-speaker, "The Palace Theatre is proud to present the all-new, all-singing, all-electric, all-cardboard—COCKETTES!" And as the curtain rises all hell breaks loose.

Photographs by Robert Foothorap

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To describe the Cockettes is to launch into a catalogue of adjectives, none of which would be accurate in itself, and all of which would only confuse. "Don't call us drag queens," implored one of them. "Call us freaks, because that's how we think of ourselves." OK, they're freaks. But they're also drag queens —with a difference: hairy legs, beards and moustaches.

Backstage before the opening of the latest show, *Tinsel Tarts,* chaos reigned. It might have been a small-town civic production of *Music Man*: half-costumed bodies shrieking in the halls; mad scrambles for hair-spray and eye-liner; last minute run-throughs of dance steps.

Johnny walks into a dressing room and explains, "I'm wearing stockings and a girdle tonight. I wanted to get a pair of panty-hose but how can I walk into a supermarket and go up to the lady and tell her I want to buy some panty-hose. So, I stole my mother's girdle." Goldie Glitters approaches and says, "The moon's in Gemini tonight and that's why we're all so scattered. Most of us are Geminis." Dusty Dawn was making up her year-old son Ocean Michael Moon: "I'm not a woman," she explains, "and they aren't men. We're Cockettes."

"Five minutes," someone announces.

"Oh God, zip me up," pleaded a Cockette in a black velvet dress.

"Do you know that Truman Capote and Rex Reed and George Chakiris are in the audience tonight?" asked another.

In another dressing room a tall, skinny Cockette carefully sprinkles glitter on his penis. Sitting next to him a girl in a tight black pullover and green see-through tights combs her short hair back to look like a man. Her four-year-old son says, "But mommy, you look like a man."

"I'm supposed to," she answers.

Jimmy Nolan, a friend of the Cockettes, tells us that "the Cockettes aren't trying to fool anybody. They *are* the fools, fools a bit like Shakespeare's fool who, being in two places at once, can laugh at everything and more important, delight you into laughing at yourself. The Cockettes are the fools that we're all learning to become, because when you're up against the wall you have no choice but to try to subvert the rules of a game you can't win. When the cards are stacked against you, play the Fool. The Cockettes are queens with a manic sense of humor, fools in their mothers' fur coats and their fathers' buckle-up Army boots —fools, beautiful fools, in love."

Currently, there are about thirty-three of them, including stagehands. They first "performed" on New Year's Eve, 1969, at the Palace Theatre, which then, as now, hosted the "Nocturnal Dream Show" every Friday and Saturday night at midnight. The Nocturnal Dream Show was the creation of a young, hip entrepreneur who goes by the single name of Sebastian. It was already something of a freak show, since the funky old movies and serials that it screened attracted a young, stoned, midnight audience. The atmosphere had always been loose, and it wasn't uncommon for members of the audience to ascend the stage during a film and perform impromptu madness. "It was a very simple thing in that first performance," explains Sebastian. "They came on stage in their typical Cockette drag and danced around to a recording of 'Honky Tonk Woman.' That was all. But they blew everybody's minds, because this was the first time they'd seen guys with beards dressed up as women, drawing up their skirts and flaunting their cocks. Over the next couple months they continued doing these short flashes before the movies, and the audience response was incredible. Within a few months the performances got more structured and lasted up to 15 minutes. Then they began to name their shows and we began to put their name on the ad posters with the name of the movies. Now a lot of people just come to see the Cockettes and leave before the movies start."

There have been about twenty shows, with names such as the circus extravaganza *Elephant Shit—The Circus Life,* the oriental *Pearls Over Shanghai,* a '50s spoof entitled *Hell's Harlots,* a French farce called *Les Cockettes De Paris,* the Halloween show, *Les Ghouls,* the south-of-the-border passion play, *Tropical Heatwave Hot Voodoo,* and the latest, a Depression-era variety entitled *Tinsel Tarts In A Hot Coma.* Besides the "musicals" they produce at the Palace, they've made two films, *Tricia's Wedding* and *Luminous Procuress.*

Tricia's Wedding was made two weeks before the real thing. It was filmed in two days and edited in something less than two weeks for a budget of $5600, which it regained the first weekend it was shown at the Palace. It premiered on the very night of the wedding, and many spectators actually came dressed in formal attire. Produced by Mark Lester and directed by Sebastian, the film is a short satire on the absurdities of the White House social scene. Or perhaps "satire" isn't the word, for it's anything but subtle. It's vulgar, filthy, amateurish, crude. And the crowds loved it. Mamie Eisenhower falls in a drunken stupor and lands face down in the wedding cake. Martha Mitchell is there, as well as Rose Kennedy, who thinks she's at a funeral. Eartha Kitt drops acid in the punch bowl and everybody freaks out as a wild and naked orgy ensues. Tricia has her clothes torn off and is subsequently raped by a baseball bat. It was god-awful pandemonium, and it was wonderful. The audience on opening night *literally* rolled in the aisles.

Aside from the films and regular Palace performances, the Cockettes have been known to appear unannounced at hip weddings and street fairs. Last Christmas, during midnight mass, a group of them set up a tableau of the nativity scene on the steps of Grace Cathedral, atop Nob Hill. The church officials freaked out and barred them from actually entering the cathedral.

The shows they perform at the Palace are as tasteless, vulgar and non-professional as the film *Tricia's Wedding.* They're written by the group, cast by the group and sort of directed by the group, although there are two or three prime movers. But basically, the shows are unstructured, undisciplined, unrehearsed. They're Cockette happenings, with a vague scenario. The sets are elaborate, art deco-styled cardboard flats, representing anything from a Shanghai street scene to a gaudy '30s nightclub. In *Tinsel Tarts* a cardboard train crosses

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the stage as Cockettes with cardboard telephone poles run in circles around it. The music is composed by a Cockette named Scrumbly, and lyrics are added by anybody.

The costumes are designed and built by the cast, with the help of local third-hand stores. They have an obvious passion for old imitation furs, as well as the long, silk, clinging dresses of the '30s and '40s. Black silk stockings and garters, outrageous ostrich-feather hats, lace-embroidered, low-cut gowns revealing rouged, hairy chests with painted nipples, see-through chiffon robes revealing genitals (male or female), and painted, sequined bodies are standard attire. Not a show goes by that someone doesn't pull up a skirt or do a strip to reveal a silver-sequined penis. One show featured a "patriotic penis": red head, blue shaft, and white balls. The women often dress as men and take the male roles, but even when a man is playing a man he looks and acts like a man playing a woman playing a man.

THE ORIGINAL SHOWS WERE pure vaudeville. *Hollywood Babylon,* for instance, done over a year ago, was nothing more than a series of nightclub scenes that provided opportunities to do song-and-dance numbers, with occasional snatches of dialogue tossed in. They were so loose that if someone on stage was bored, he could snap, "Cut this shit. Let's do something else." And usually they would do something else. Cues were frequently missed and lines would be repeated three or four times until someone would finally walk off stage and search out the missing Cockette. Chorus lines would come dancing out of the wings in the middle of an ongoing scene, notice their mistake and dance back off. And naturally, the audience loved it. *Tinsel Tarts* is a more structured show with lots of dialogue, much of it very funny (Vedda Vipper, a radio gossip columnist, played by Goldie Glitters, swears to tell her listeners "all the dirt about all the stars, no matter whose life I fuck up"). Still, perhaps because much of the dialogue is inaudible over the roars of the audience, the story gets lost time and again, and you finally decide to just forget it and enjoy the *shticks* as they come.

Who are these people and where did they come from? Miss Harlow Harlow and Goldie Glitters were groupies who were featured in the film *The Groupies.* Big Darrel, who recently changed his name to Harold Thunderpussy, was and still is an accountant by day. Rumi was performing with the now defunct Floating Opera Company, "seeking musical atonement," and presumably was dismissed when he broke their crystal ball. Johnny, acclaimed the "prettiest Cockette," is still in high school. Patrick was studying education at a black university in the South, and Hibiscus, who has since left them to work on his own, was performing with La Mama in New York from the time he was thirteen. Sylvester, who no longer appears in the shows but performs Billie Holiday-type blues solos preceding the regular show, was working in the L.A. cast of *Hair.* Bobby was a hairdresser, and many of the others were standing in door-

A new "person-oriented" manifesto for the Radical Left.

He was one of the original founders and national president of S.D.S. He demonstrated, organized, theorized, and made speeches. Then Paul Potter began to suffer what could be called "radical's schizophrenia"—the gap between rhetoric and experience. So he dropped out—first to ponder, then to write this book. It's a brilliant mixture of autobiography, simple home truths, and rudimentary political and economic analysis, and bridging the gulf between personal experience and public issues.

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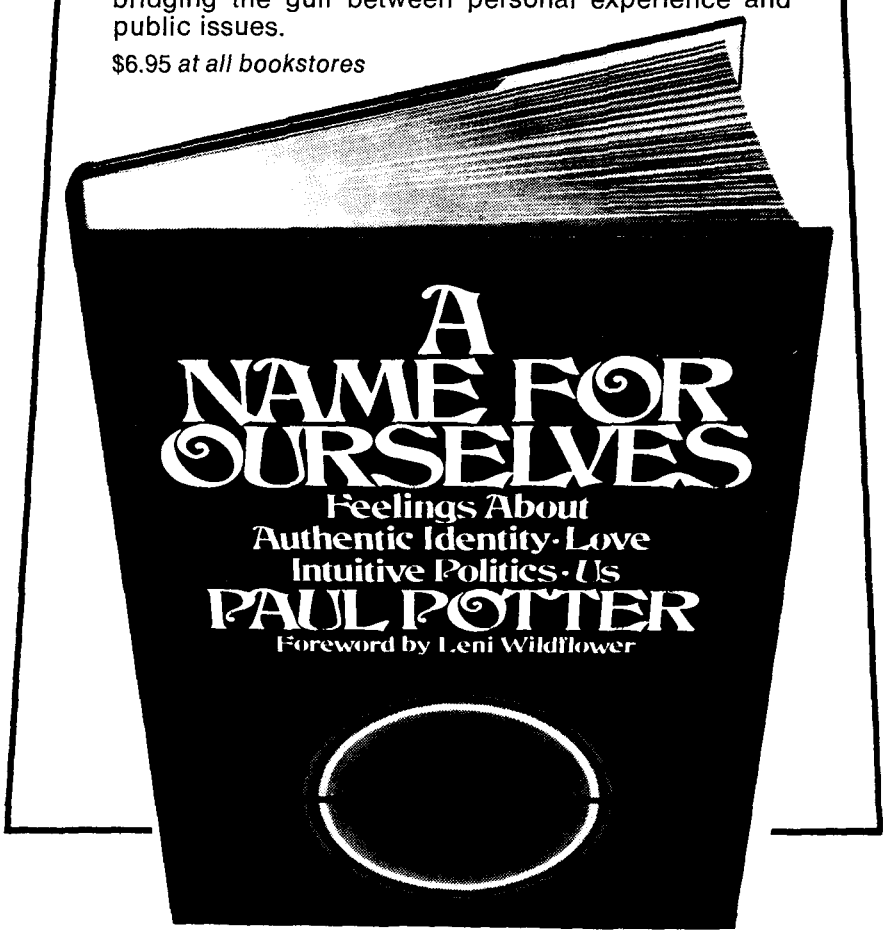

Little, Brown and Company

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ways on Polk St. Dusty Dawn, one of the three or four women among the Cockettes, came from the Monkees and a year ago produced the youngest Cockette, her son Ocean Michael Moon. The baby may have appeared in his last Cockette show. It seems someone got uptight. He used to be a star attraction when he'd start to cry and Dusty would drop her dress and nurse him on stage, never missing a lyric or a step.

"They're mostly from the streets," says Sebastian. "They're very poor people who somehow found one another and sort of lived together, and decided they wanted to be in show business." Most of them live on welfare, food stamps, and the little money they receive after splitting up the box office. The few who work share their wages with their roommates, and most of them share rooms and apartments with four to eight other Cockettes.

Their off-stage life style is no different from their on-stage performances. They dress the same, talk the same, act the same, are the same. They've simply carried over a fantasy from their personal and collective lives to the stage. Their lives are performances, enactments of yesterday's myth: the innocence, the grace, the romance and the *chutzpah*—all combined with an absolutely free and flaunting sexuality. "Halo-ed dongs," as one Cockette put it.

Obviously, the Cockettes as performers can't be judged by any existing standards of criticism. In fact, standards of any sort seem to be invalidated in their presence, including some of our cherished moral myths. They represent an instance of artistic and cultural anarchy in the midst of general constipation and ambiguity, and by adding the element of humor, by playing the Fool, they make the meanest aspects of the human design seem lovable. Their contribution to the theatre—and it is a very real and meaningful contribution—most obviously lies in their ability to be outrageous and *shocking*—shocking in the sense that they kick loose all traces of pre-conceived notions of aesthetic form and moral content. They manifest a stark, raving originality and a degree of vitality that is rarely witnessed on the professional stage. One is tempted to conclude that their theatre is formless, that they have managed, by accident or design, to create a crack in the wall of western theatrical convention, shattering it and leaving nothing in its place. Yet even if only that were true it would represent a genuine contribution: a momentary catharsis, a glimpse of the beyond, a new aesthetic possibility. But where there's content, Aristotle tells us, there's form, and the Cockettes' work revolves around nothing less than the basest and most elemental qualities of the human condition. And because they wear the Fool's cap, they can step aside from the perversity and insanity that they invoke, recognize themselves as human beings, and laugh.

THE COCKETTES HAVE CREATED a flurry of excitement, even astonishment, by their audacious and revolutionary experiment with theatre. They have battered down theatrical conventions with the weapons of outrage and shock, and discovered something very elemental and moving where there was once only artifice. And yet the experiment is far from being aesthetically or morally satisfying. It remains an exciting possibility, an unfulfilled promise. What the Cockettes will do with the potential they have unleashed remains to be seen.

The immediate future for the Cockettes includes a New York booking at the Fillmore East for three weeks, with a three-week option, opening Halloween night. There they will be performing six nights a week, as opposed to the one or two weekends a month they performed in San Francisco. That kind of schedule, alone, should come as a revealing test of their ability to resist artifice and maintain some sort of innocence in the presence of their expanding popularity.

If the cards fall right during the New York engagement, the Cockettes will move on to Paris, which would be a test of the Parisian reputation as the fountainhead of the avant-garde. Beyond San Francisco, New York and Paris, there probably aren't many cities that would allow them to perform, at least not the kind of material that they do best, and anything short of the totally outrageous would be contrived, artificial, unnatural and consequently unfunny.

—JON STEWART

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Women's Studies

IN SPRING 1970, THE FACULTY Senate at San Diego State College approved a proposal to establish a ten-course program in Women's Studies. It was to be the nation's first. At the same time over 300 women at State University of New York, Buffalo, were taking "Women in Contemporary Society," an introductory course which, by the following spring, had evolved into a full-scale Female Studies Program. In addition to these two complete programs, over 100 colleges and universities offered at least one course on women in 1970–71—courses such as "The Socialization Process of Women," "Imperialism and its Relation to Sexism," "Education of Women," "Women in the Labor Force." Women's Studies was well on its way to being ushered into the hallowed groves

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of academe—in *Newsweek's* words, the "hottest new wrinkle in higher education."

The implications of having an "academic arm" of a broader-based political movement are important to consider because the issue involves the political development of the Women's Liberation Movement, the structure and control of American higher education, and the relationship between the two. And herein lies the political potential of Women's Studies: to the extent that the university-based programs can create links with other sectors of society, the traditional divisions —student vs. worker, black vs. white, man vs. woman—used to maintain the American Way of Life will be weakened. But this is no easy task, for on the one hand, the American system of higher education has a well-greased "escape valve" for such "radical emergencies"—the corporate foundation grant. On the other hand, a tendency in the Women's Movement to be excessively preoccupied with a politic of personal development prevents it from seeing beyond myopic white middle-class needs.

IN A RECENT ARTICLE, *The Chronicle of Higher Education* posed the question, "Can Women's Studies be primarily academic or are they sure to become militant and tied to women's liberation?" Setting up this kind of dichotomy between a social movement "out there" and some courses safely nestled within the ivy halls is a very effective way to insure both that the courses do not radically change anyone, and that the Women's Movement does not benefit from the acquisition of skills and other benefits available in the university. And this is exactly what McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation, was striving for when he spoke about the creation of Black Studies in the universities some years ago: "When you agree that there is a topic, there still follows the question of what you want it for, and how you will pursue it. . . ."

Like Black Studies, Women's Studies owes its existence to pressures from a political movement centered outside the campus. At San Diego State College the idea for such a program grew out of a Women's Liberation "rap group." Subsequently, about 20 women from the university and community formed a "Women's Studies Committee" and struggled for months for the program to become part of the College of Arts and Letters. The story of Women's Studies at San Diego illustrates how foundations operate to control university administrators, faculty, students, and burgeoning radical political movements.

FROM THE BEGINNING, the Women's Studies Committee agreed the Program should not be limited to university women; it should meet the needs of non-academic women in the surrounding community as well. So, under the guidance of the woman who was to serve as "Center Coordinator," the Committee drew up a proposal for a Women's Center that in principle would serve to create and coordinate a broad-based women's movement in San Diego.

The College of Arts and Letters had no funds for the Center, so on the advice of the Dean of the College, the Women's Studies Committee applied for and received a grant of $12,000 from the San Diego State College Foundation, whose president is also a vice-president of the college. A half-time position called coordinator for the Women's Center was allocated $6000. The coordinator, an undergraduate member of the original Women's Studies Committee, was also given a part-time faculty position in the Women's Studies Program, thus providing that crucial link between the academic and non-academic aspects of the Program. However, her primary responsibility, as we were to learn, would have to be to the foundation, *not* to the women who had created the Program and struggled for its existence. Last fall we didn't know that by paying the salary of a key liaison person the foundation could then control a large part of the Program. Nominally, the coordinator's job was that of fund-raiser: she was to apply for other, larger grants from foundations such as Ford, and thus have funds to help and "guide" other components into existence.

Within the Women's Studies Committee, there was a general "feeling"

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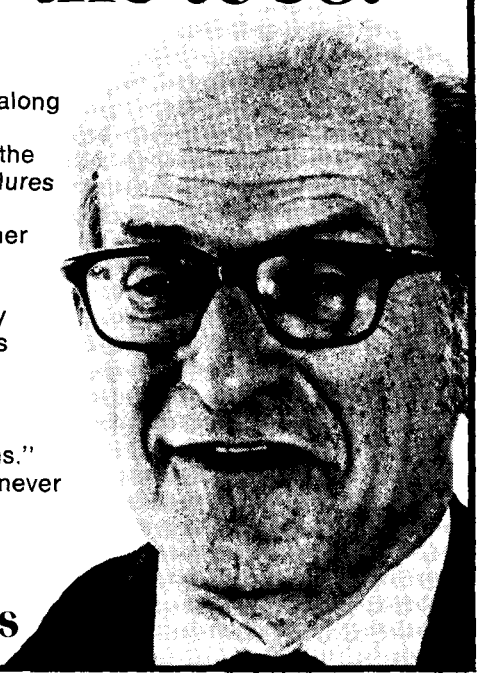

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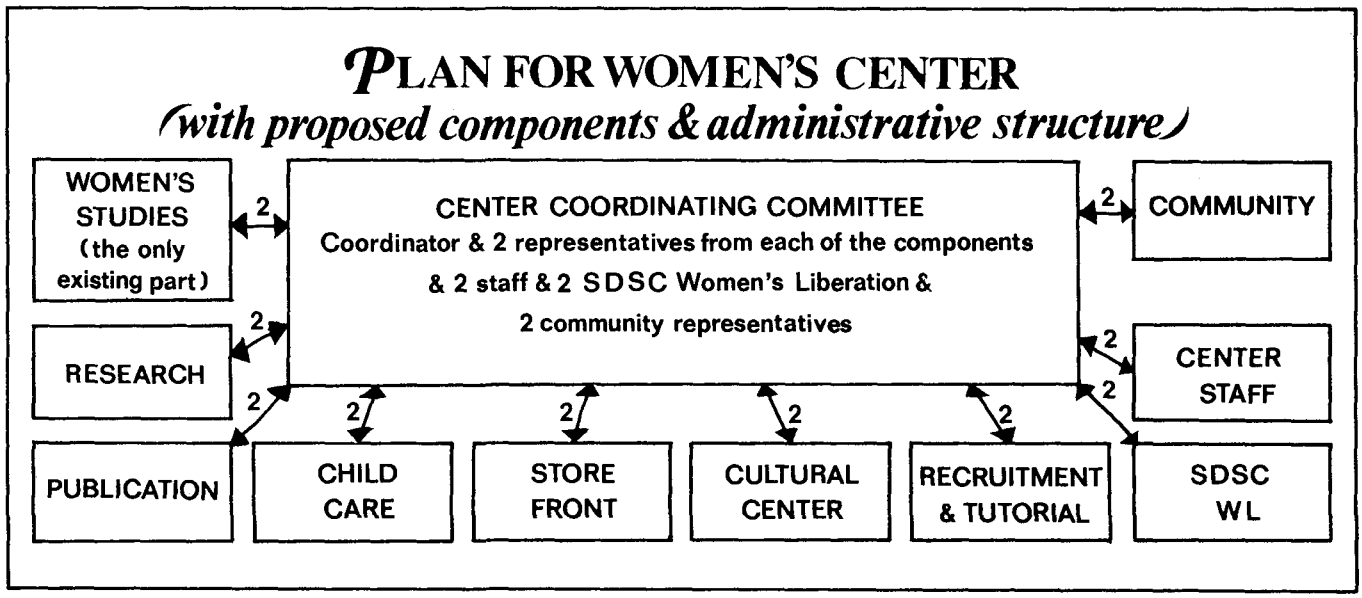

that the Committee would naturally make collective decisions concerning fund-raising, and the coordinator would be *their* spokeswoman to the administration. However, in the ensuing months we learned, first of all, that when foundations offer seemingly harmless access to status and power to one or two anointed spokeswomen "in the name of helping *all* the people," the real purpose is to separate these women from their constituencies and redirect and control the loyalties of even well-intentioned leaders. Secondly, the Women's Studies Committee learned that working without a defined structure, but rather by consensus and spontaneous feelings of "sisterly trust," can be as dangerous as being locked into a tight, hierarchical bureaucracy. One of the main reasons the foundation and university administrators were able to select and manipulate a liaison woman was that a definite body to which this coordinator was responsible, and which had the power to define and limit her fund-raising actions on behalf of Women's Studies, did not exist in the formative stages of the Program.

We lived through many concrete examples of how foundations exert pressure on college administrators to control potentially radical innovations—that is, university programs with the possibility of real linkage with other sectors of society. Outstanding among the experiences was how key administrators reacted to the Women's Studies Committee's wish to select several women to accompany the coordinator to a series of meetings with representatives from Ford and other foundations.

The Women's Studies Committee objected to the fact that choice of persons to attend this meeting rested solely with the coordinator. The Committee also objected to the coordinator's idea of linking the Women's Studies proposal for funds with those of other local "movement" groups, as we were not sure who these groups were or whom they represented. We stated our objections repeatedly, and finally refused to give the coordinator a mandate to go ahead on her own (by that time we were making decisions by majority vote). Then, much to our surprise, the Dean of the College appeared at one of our meetings and, in the style of a Protestant Podhoretz, explained how to "make it" in the big world. His message was that we should not waste time "piddling around"—voting on things, not getting behind capable leaders—that was *not* how to "win the big game out there." His measured monotone and well-conconstructed sentences spelled it out quite clearly: if the still not quite academically acceptable Women's Studies Program didn't consolidate itself quickly, the increasingly vocal group of campus conservatives would kill the program, bring Governor Reagan down on our heads, and all hell would break loose. Our salvation, he said, would be "protection money" from the foundations.

Later that same day the head of the San Diego College Foundation gave us further lessons on how grantsmanship works. The Ford Foundation doesn't like to receive proposals that are fully worked out; rather, they just want a wisp of an idea (a page or two) and then they will come and work out the proposal *with* you. The "you" should be one, at the most two people because the foundation feels "overwhelmed" by four or five. He went on to say, "We need someone that is our liaison person while we try to stay as far away from shaping the program as possible." Like the Dean, he urged us to be loyal and true to the administration-controlled liaison person—which meant staying as far away from shaping the program as possible. After he left, the coordinator announced her repudiation of all responsibility to us or to any other body except the still nonexistent Center Board. (Of course, by the time the Center Board was created, the content and financing of the Center would be a *fait accompli* engineered outside the control of the Women's Movement. Women would have the same choice then as now: line up behind the liaison woman or don't play.)

The struggle for self-determination and control of the Program continued for months. Despite repeated demonstrations of outrage by many, many women, the San Diego State College Foundation continued to support the coordinator's defiance of the student-controlled and popularly supported Women's Studies Board which had re-

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placed the somewhat arbitrarily selected Women's Studies Committee in the late fall. As a result of the coordinator's refusal to take direction from the Board, the Women's Studies Program voted to disassociate itself from the proposed Center and to establish a women's center in downtown San Diego. Located at the YWCA, it opened on February 11–12, 1971 with a conference of 250 women from San Diego and La Jolla who planned the structure of the Center. Representatives from every local women's liberation group as well as many non-affiliated women participated in the conference and agreed to initiate service, educational, and political projects. Meanwhile, the coordinator moved out of the campus Women's Studies office to another location and continued planning and structuring the administration-approved center.

Had the San Diego State Women's Studies Program come under the control of one of the corporate foundations* we could expect the results of the policies so clearly articulated by McGeorge Bundy; the program would be devoid of any study of the political, economic and social aspects of the American power structure, of that dangerous business of "mixing the *political* and *historical* view of a set of events," and of any interaction between movements for social change around the school and those outside it. Rather, as happened with Black Studies, potential grass-roots leadership would be drawn into today's dashiki cult and tomorrow's OEO leadership. In the case of Women's Studies, this might mean having the nation's programs on women shape up to the ideas generated by the "National Coalition for Research on Women's Education and Development," the purpose of which is to conduct "research and discussion directed toward future national policy in women's education and status" (with the help of eminent feminists such as Kenneth M. Wilson of the Educational Testing Service at Princeton University and Joseph Katz, Director of Research for Human Development and Educational Policy at the State University of New York), and a subsequent cooling out of feminist activists from university-based Women's Studies Programs.

THE ATTEMPT BY THE CORPORATE structure to separate female studies from feminist political rebellion has created a very legitimate fear in the Women's Movement that working within established institutions is tantamount to being co-opted:

> When Women's Studies programs and courses are established within academic institutions, they face the danger of losing their original purpose. As a result, the vital link between learning the truth and struggling to make it real can be undermined by the competitive, success-orientated realities of academic life. Furthermore, since we as women do not control the total institutions, our programs are in danger of being used for ends other than our own.
>
> —From a brochure announcing a National Women's Conference on Education for Liberation, New York City, May 1971.

The response to this fear of selling out to those institutions "out there" has led to a trend to work "within the movement" and create free schools,

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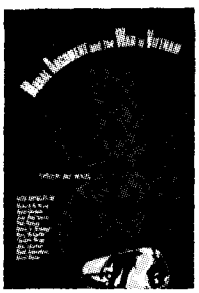

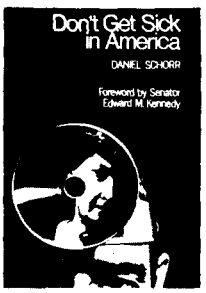

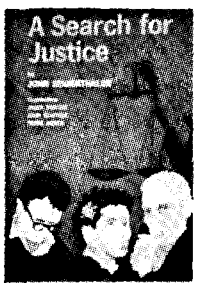

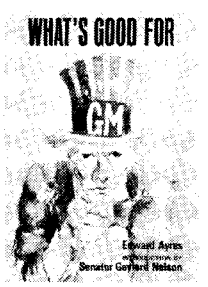

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liberation schools, alternative universities. The situation, however, is not a simple one of being "co-opted" by working in an established institution or being "revolutionary" in a free school, because the inner-directed orientation of the Women's Movement has the danger of "internal co-optation" in the creation of a "soft culture," a culture that says the best way to be a revolutionary is to become a better person by opting out of the system and living a pure life that will be a model for all after the Revolution.

The celebration of sisterhood—the euphoric sense of individual freedom gained from breaking out of an oppressive culture, casting off a stultifying negative self-concept, and releasing rage at having been judged an inferior object for so many years—is, like cultural nationalism, a necessary part in the process of liberation. It is needed to heal the psychic rift in women, to restore pride and sense of identity, so we can cease feeling guilty, inferior, and directing action against ourselves instead of outward. However, if the celebration of sisterhood becomes an end in itself, it is no more than fetishized liberation: the psychic or moral liberation, implicitly bourgeois like drugs, that makes you 'feel good," but is closed off from real political action because it is directed *only* inward. This is "soft sisterhood," transforming from within, like Charles Reich's "Consciousness III"—individual alienation combatted by individual liberation which is ultimately a dead end; an island of liberated culture isolated from everything except itself and unable to affect the real centers of power in this country.

There is no liberated territory in the United States. Growing radishes in a commune in Vermont may make you happy, even a better person, but it has very little to do with taking state power. Likewise with Women's Studies. If we are content to be either an isolated program within the university, cut off from the larger Women's Movement and controlled by the corporations, or part of a soft culture that simply maintains an internal dialogue with itself, with no objective relationship to the rest of society, then we will become less powerful, incapable of responding to the real need for a structural change of women's position in society. In either case we will have been co-opted.

And the danger of this happening is very real. A purely academic Women's Studies Program or a politics devoted to healing the psychic rifts of oppressed groups is quite possible in the spaces left to us within capitalist society. It is testimony to the elastic strength of American democracy that we can create new kinds of personal relationships and write a bunch of books, poems, songs and plays in these "spaces" left us and not change the power structure in this country one bit. The cultural celebration of sisterhood can be a crucial stepping stone to radical political action, but not if culture becomes a surrogate for political development, and if our movement cannot criticize its own illusions.

Therefore, women who are serious about changing the centers of power in this country should stay in contact with these centers and not opt for the middle-class freedom of stepping out for personal liberation. If the polarization of external and internal co-optation is avoided, Women's Studies Programs have the potential for developing into bases for the acquisition of knowledge and skills and development of cadres for the Women's Movement. The next step—the most difficult and crucial one—is linking the university-based programs with other areas in society. That is, forcing the educational institutes to allow sectors *outside* the university to use and benefit from their resources, and thereby creating what should be the ultimate goal of Women's Studies: a broad-based movement aimed at creating real social change. Women's Studies should generate not the kind of feminism that culminated in the right to choose between Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon, but the kind of feminism whose demands can no longer be granted by American society because they are demands for a socialist, non-sexist, non-racist society.

—ROBERTA SALPER

The author was Visiting Distinguished Professor of Women's Studies at San Diego State College (1970–71), and is currently an Associate Professor of Humanities, SUNY, Old Westbury. She is the author of Female Liberation: History and Current Politics *(Random House, 1971).*

Rainbow Farm

UNLIKE MANY COMMUNES, Rainbow Farm began by accident. During the summer of 1970, three people moved into this 200-year-old house. They would live here rent-free for the summer, in exchange for making the place a little more habitable. They came for different reasons and brought with them different skills and problems. The house was wired, some of it was insulated, and running water was put in. Not everyone got along and not everyone wanted to try to endure the winter here, but by fall a group of four, two women and two men, had decided to stay. They stayed not so much out of commitment to each other as out of lack of commitment to anything else. All loved the country and wanted to make some kind of life for themselves, but beyond that their common interests seemed to end. A fifth person came in October, a man asking to visit for two weeks, who stayed all winter. A sixth person, Fennel, drove her VW bus up to the front door in November, looking for someone who didn't live here. She stayed and talked, and a few weeks later moved in.

Snow closed around the house, driving the people together into the only two warm rooms. Life began to exist mostly around the kitchen table, or in the new, blue-lit sauna room. Wildly different visitors, friends from the inhabitants' other lives, drifted in and out, shivering. And slowly Rainbow turned into a kind of therapy group. Who are you? What are you doing here? Who belongs together and who doesn't? Needs were matched only by paranoia, but people began to know each other. Winter brought the women of the farm closer together. The men, less able to deal with each other in emotional ways and often cut off by the women, grew farther apart. Spring 1971 brought Sarah, emerging from a long depression, tired of living alone in

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the country, and disaffected by her life as a radical writer.

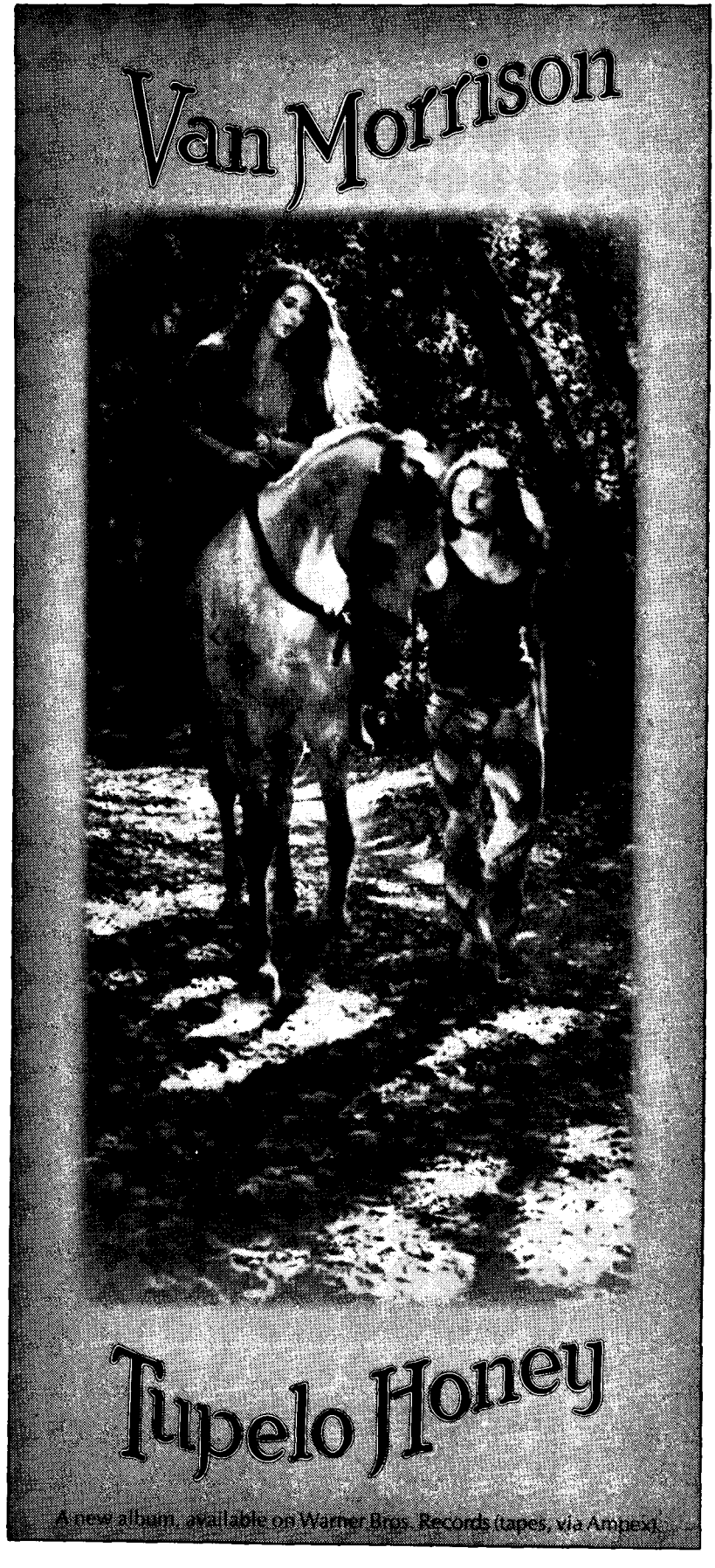
During the summer, splits between the men, and between the women and men, continued, but a garden was planted, and a rabbit hutch built, and pigs named Sweet and Sour were installed in a corner of the woodshed. We went swimming, and made a large batch of dandelion wine.

This summer the problem of ownership pressed us. No one who lived here owned the farm. Even if we wanted to stay, could we? An arrangement was made with the owner, a friend, that we could stay here another year in exchange for doing substantial improvements on the house, insulating the rest of it and heating it.

By the end of the summer, the original three men had left. One left to travel in the west. Another is looking for a life style that would include more emotional, open relationships with other men. The third man left with a short-term inhabitant named Louise. Jess is the only man staying here at present. He has been here for two months now.

Late in February I came here the first time, introduced myself by getting stuck in the snow. I walked up to the house huge with lights in the darkness and full of strangers. Fennel, the only person I knew who lived here, wasn't around. Almost before I said anything, I shoved an elbow through a window, and wasn't sure if it was me or the glass shattering. I'd heard of the place and the people via Fennel, and via Wednesday, who had visited once or twice. What I'd heard made me expect mythic figures embroiled in a nonstop encounter session and it scared me. But the car got moved by flesh and blood, and later we all took a sauna and felt very good and entirely human.

In the spring, I came up more and more often, staying longer each time. By June it was a toss-up whether to move into Rainbow or spend the summer in Europe. Fennel and I had had a long and tricky relationship and neither of us felt ready to live in the same house. I went to Europe. By the time I got back, all the men were gone or going. No one was really clear about what this



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meant—whether it was coincidence or design. I moved in understanding that if the place was evolving into a women's collective, I would leave as soon as I could and meanwhile we'd just see how it worked out.

DESPITE THE FACT THAT Jess is staying here, Rainbow Farm has become more or less a women's commune. It is a peculiar evolution, not dictated by politics or ideology or sexuality. We seem to be a little more ambiguous on those points. But when it got down to the hard questions, who likes each other, who can live together, who has the same needs and visions, those of us who really want to stay are the women.

Sarah, who has always lived either alone or with men, writes:

> I am surprised at how good it feels. For the first time I feel that my understanding of the farmhouse's structural problems are as realistic—and my sense of how to handle them as complete—as anyone else's. I understand the problem of the rotting beam in the basement, the dangers of the spot on the outside of the house where centuries of a gutterless roof have eroded the clapboard. For the first time I can begin to visualize how to put together old pieces of barn board to make a handsome wall in the room I am now sleeping in; a room that spent last winter with exposed insulation labeled Owens-Corning Fiberglass broken only by a dangling rich orange curtain that I once bought for a Washington apartment in a time that seems a hundred years ago.

Emarie has been here since Rainbow began:

> It has been very freeing for us since the men left. The work we have set out to do is more equally shared and it feels as if our roles are more interchangeable. We are more open and honest with each other, and yet it's interesting to understand the levels on which we work things out. Last night Sarah came home from town, drove her car up into the front yard and bopped in, bearing extraordinary gifts of beer and ice cream. No sooner had she closed the door behind her when Fennel said, "Why didn't you park your car down the hill with the others?" Sarah exploded and threatened to hit the tactless Fennel over the head with a frosty beer bottle. Then she stormed out, presumably to move her car, yet was gone for three and a half hours. There we were—five women sitting around the kitchen making sundaes and drinking beer and wondering what the issues really were. Somehow we all became united in our curiosity about a usually reasonable (?) friend, plus we were all experiencing fear of the unknown and of ourselves. After we expressed what we thought of the fight, we settled down to a waiting period—Blyth and I drawing intricate pictures in black and white, Wendy, a visitor, writing impressions for a first novel, and Fennel and Wednesday just fiddling around; though the vibes were scattered and the moments lingered on. After a while the phone rang and it was another friend "warning" us about two strange station wagons parked near our road with an undeterminable number of people in

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them. It was then that we began talking about our fears, and it was enlightening to see who was scared of what. It's hard to explain, but there were five possible realities all mutually related around the problem of fear. I was being soothed by Mozart and someone else was already thinking journalistic while another concentrated on how to stand down brutality. And the dogs barked and the night grew cold, and later our sister arrived.

We talked a little about her anger and told her about our paranoia. We all felt we had experienced that fear with such purity because we had been conscious of ourselves as women alone, unprotected by any male presence. We always have male visitors—Sarah returned with Jess—and until that night there had not been a moment when there were only women in the house. We had also felt mutually responsible for dealing with our fear and its sources, responsible to each other and somehow full of trust that as a group we could handle the marauders or bogies of the night which might hang around outside the door.

Three or four bedrooms are unfinished and they need insulation, plaster and some heavy structural repairs before they will be habitable. It is important that this be done soon, both because of the winter, and because not everyone has a private space yet. Wednesday, who moved in only six weeks ago, has been sleeping in a sleeping bag in a room scattered with plaster dust and old boards, sometimes sharing Blyth's room. Wednesday (so nicknamed because she first arrived here on a Wednesday) is worried that living here will cut her off from other important experiences.

I dreamed one night that Fennel and I were working on a potato bin, and every time I would nail one side up, another side would fall off. I know that dream was about my life. I floated a lot this past year, and I went through some heavy changes. Quit a seven-year marriage, was high on freedom, being a woman, wildly in love with another woman, who lives in Boston. Now I want some stability. I know these things: want to live on a farm, want to live with women or at least in a place primarily run by women. Want to write a book. Want to live with my friends, be good to them, and have them be good to me.

WE WORRY THAT OUR expectations of this place will turn out to be different. Still uncertain about each other's commitment, we get self-righteous when someone isn't working. (If I'm chopping wood, why are you sitting there smoking and reading novels?) We need nine cords of wood by winter and are considering fixing up a Righteousness Box to go alongside the Paranoia Box. Wednesday suggested a Reality Box as well, to be filled only with facts: Today I learned to run the chain saw; dug potatoes; helped make the damn potato bin; baked bread; cut up two trees; studied electricity. . . .

Blyth has lived here since Rainbow began. She is dreamy, witch-like, a painter:

My nightmares are too big for the Paranoia Box on the table. (So they are big, real, and dealt with.) One night last week we all cooked our yummy supper outside. We also played and sang like angels sometimes and also like starving horseflies. I was the last to get bedded down. My voice was goodly sore and cracked, my heart was calm. Only wonderful dreams rocked me through till morning.

Fennel wrote this poem last winter. That what it says is still relevant is (maybe) a tiny piece of stability in our fermenting lives:

The oldest thing about us
is the house, built
near 1770, still growing.
Everything is worn
rotting, or tacked
on new. It's the color of
wood, hand hewn beams, New
England white. Inside, it seems to
float; the angels slant and run and
must defy
gravity to stand.
We insulate
one room with fiberglass
while old corncobs fall out
between beams
in the next room:
we let it be.
We live with ancient dust,
wood powder sifting
down around us. It's easier
to begin now, to build
a house; but this one
fits us, gives its history,
its place
on the land. We
form our lives
around it. Nothing
we could build now
would hold us.

Records

GRATEFUL DEAD,
Warner Bros. [*2WS 1935*]
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH FROM HAIGHT-ASHBURY TO WOODSTOCK,
Vanguard [*SD 27/28*]

WHATEVER ENERGY-FLUX *created* the San Francisco music scene of the late 1960s, certainly two of the mainstays of that milieu were the Grateful Dead and Country Joe and the Fish. The other points of the pentangle were the Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and Big Brother and the Holding Company.

Here are two double albums that seem to underline the demise of that parlay of five bands: all still exist in one form or another, but with the possible exception of the Dead all have lost the magic which transformed their listeners and elevated themselves during their heydays.

Big Brother is still struggling, but never did recover from the loss of Janis Joplin, before her death or after. Quicksilver was built on the brilliant musicianship and charismatic personality of John Cipollina, and, since his departure from the band, has reconstituted itself as a technically excellent but creatively trivial rock and roll band. The Jefferson Airplane flounders through sloppy performances and mediocre records, its energy seemingly having migrated into Hot Tuna. Country Joe is now a single act using occasional pickup sidemen while the Fish, now Barry Melton and the Fish, have yet to establish themselves as a significant band.

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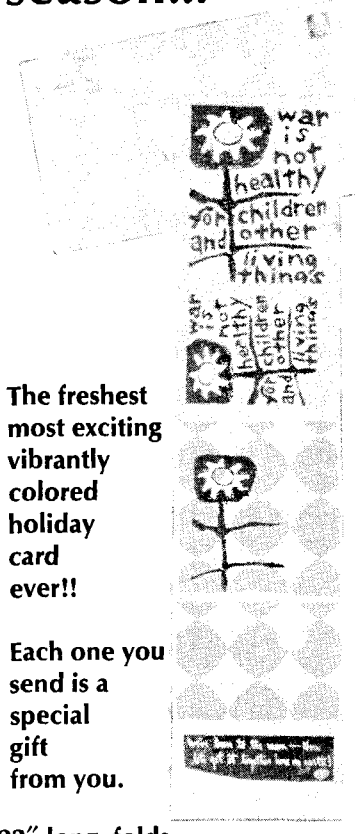

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And the Grateful Dead, with the departure of drummer Mickey Hart, have returned to their personnel of half a decade ago. Their new album seems to represent some sort of pause, a momentary hold before setting off in a new direction, which would be far from unprecedented for the Dead. Their debut album introduced a superb eclectic band that combined elements of blues, country-western, rock and roll, and the beginnings of an interest in druggy psychedelic music. Three succeeding albums moved deeper and deeper into psychedelic space, then the Dead switched abruptly from the long, complex tracks of that middle period into a new mode of relatively short, coherent, symmetrical *songs*.

Throughout, except for the first album, their music was original, most of it composed by Jerry Garcia.

And now a return to eclecticism. Only half of the compositions on the new (all-live) release are by the Dead: two new songs by Garcia (words by the Dead's non-performing lyricist Robert Hunter), one by rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, and one 18-minute piece by drummer Bill Kreutzmann and Weir.

The most impressive track is that by Kreutzmann and Weir, called "The Other One," a semi-jam that fills an entire side. Starting with a long and excellent drum solo by Kreutzmann, the track develops into a general instrumental followed by Weir's singing, then proceeds to a patented Dead space-jam that builds powerfully back to coherence, and a final vocal section.

The rest of the album tends to pale a bit alongside "The Other One," but Garcia's "Wharf Rat" is impressive, as are new versions of three blues, "Big Boss Man" by Willie Dixon and Willie Smith, the traditional "Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad," and "Big Railroad Blues" by Noah Lewis.

Dead versions of Kris Kristofferson's "Me and Bobby McGee" and Chuck Berry's "Johnny B. Goode" are interesting, but the songs belong so thoroughly to Janis Joplin and to Berry himself that new arrangements in the absence of significant new interpretations are almost necessarily superfluous.

The performances on the album range from adequate to excellent; the sound is as good as can be expected of recorded concerts. The wide variety of mood and material indicates a questioning on the part of the Dead, a search for some new direction. Garcia himself is thrusting in many directions: into cowboy music as he plays steel guitar with the New Riders of the Purple Sage, into jazz with organists Howard Wales and Merl Saunders, and into single composition and recording.

The sense of confusion which grows from the multi-directionalism of the Dead's album mirrors the confusion of the community from which they arose. With the "flower" period long over, with the struggle over psychedelics virtually over and that over body drugs going badly, with neo-Rousseauvian ruralism exposed as possessing severe limits, with violence and despair in the cities, with conventional politics and economics worse than irrelevant, *nobody* seems to know where to turn. Or maybe everybody does: to Jesus, Krishna, the Panthers, to various neo-Nazi groups, etc.

Well, maybe the Dead will find a new direction, God bless them. Maybe we all will.

SINCE COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH have now gone their separate ways, Vanguard has issued a retrospective album that covers the entire period of their association. It's far more than a usual "best" album (of which one already exists), containing studio tracks never before released, other cuts not included in the Greatest Hits album, and a full disc of live performances from the Fillmore East, Fillmore West, and Woodstock.

The album opens with a brief snatch of "Fish Cheer" at Woodstock, then moves into a previously unreleased version of "I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die," cut in 1965. This was one of the first and best protest songs against the Vietnam war. How many of us were taken in by Lyndon Johnson's hypocritical pieties at the time—and how perceptive was Joe McDonald!

The rest of the studio tracks range from 1966 through 1969, and cover the full period of McDonald's association with the Fish. The songs range from some beautiful love ballads

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through highest acid-land to powerful affirmation: the last embodied in Barry Melton's marvelous "Sing Sing Sing" from the last album, *C. J. Fish.*

The songs are mostly familiar, and represent some sort of chronicle of the late '60s. Listening to the material carries you back through the years, calls up moments and feelings that affected our generation. "Flying High" was where acid was when it was cut, in February 1967—a two-minute, twenty-nine-second version of *Easy Rider.* By September of that year, "Who Am I" came with its alternating moments of hope, self-doubt, puzzlement and uncompleted affirmation. And in 1968 "An Untitled Protest," no longer the wryly humorous anti-war protest, but one of bitterness and dark, smoldering anger.

The record is not overtly political in nature, but again and again lessons force themselves upon our attention. November 1968, at the Fillmore East . . . the month of Nixon's election. Country Joe leads 2800 disaffected youth in a new version of "Superbird," an anti-Johnson, anti-war song. The new version has the whole audience shouting "Tricky Dick, he's a jerk!" in unison.

So what?

Like a deliberately edited movie, *Life and Times* opens and closes on hauntingly similar scenes. Woodstock, August 1969: we hear the identical "Fish Cheer" that introduced the 1965 version of "Fixin'-to-Die." Now the cheer leads into "Fixin'-to-Die" live at Woodstock. Four years, Joe McDonald and Barry Melton and sidemen fixin' to die over Vietnam.

—DICK LUPOFF

Sports

IN THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE the owners, the coaches, league Commissioner Pete Rozelle, and nearly all the players are bound together by a common goal—the desire to make money. Despite rhetoric about it being a game, pro football is a business guided by the same goals and values as most any other American business; it is advertised as a sport for the same reasons that a cereal of questionable nutritional value is sold as the "Breakfast of Champions."

The greed of owners, coaches and sports administrators is nothing new, of course, although avarice on the part of professional athletes, who now leave all contract negotiations in the hands of their financial advisors, is a relatively new phenomenon. A few testy, old-time NFL owners branded the Baltimore Colts' John Mackey a bolshevik last year when, as president of the NFL Players' Association, he tried to get the players a piece of the action. Not surprisingly, since the only real difference between the players and management was over how the profits were going to be split, last year's players strike was settled in time for everyone to make sure the profits kept flowing, even if in a slightly diminished amount for the owners.

The basic values of the vast majority of professional football players are the same as those of the owners. To be sure, there will be some griping by the players over such issues as hair length and curfew hours, but these are ultimately trivial matters and restrictions on these issues are being relaxed by the

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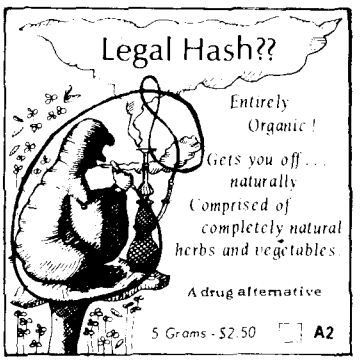
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more sophisticated coaches and owners. In fact, after examining the similarity of values among most professional athletes, Ira Berkow, sports editor of Newspaper Enterprise Association and one of the more intelligent, humane men writing on sports in America today, announced that there was no revolt erupting or even brewing in the athletic world.

But to say that there is no real discontent in the American athletic world, after an examination of professional athletics, is as misguided as saying there is no poverty in America on the basis of per capita income in Scarsdale, New York.

Though few sports writers choose to publicize it, the athletic movement is alive and thriving on the grade school, high school and college levels. Professional athletes are locked into the system, and few of them, even if they agreed with Chip Oliver, Dave Meggyesy. Rick Sortun or George Sauer, possess the courage and commitment to make the break as these individuals have done.

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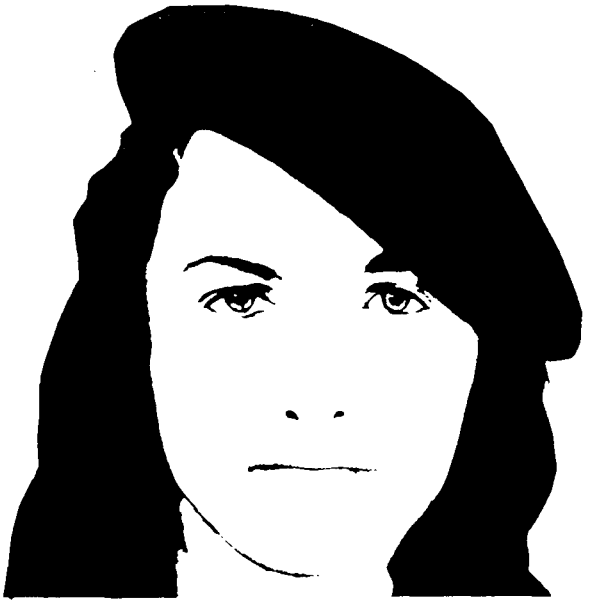

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Mike Garrett, a former Heisman Trophy winner and now a star running back for the San Diego Chargers, probably spoke for many other ballplayers besides himself when he agreed he would accept being "dehumanized" if the price was right. At the conclusion of last season, Garrett announced he was retiring from professional football for reasons almost identical to those of Dave Meggyesy, only to return to the game later on when offered a lucrative enough contract.

If anything is amazing, it is that over the last year and a half five professional players have voluntarily quit the game, giving up its gilt-edged rewards. And it is interesting that the only one of these five "quitters" the NFL is worried about—according to a high-ranking league executive—is George Sauer, Jr., the New York Jets' former All-Pro wide receiver. The pro football establishment views Sauer as a "winner," and in a world guided by slogans such as "winners never quit and quitters never win," Sauer's retirement has created much dissonance.

WHEN SAUER FIRST announced his retirement from the game last spring, most sports writers assumed he was either trying to get a pay raise or was temporarily upset over some trivial issue. They nearly unanimously agreed he would show up at the Jets' training camp when it opened in July. Now that he hasn't returned to the game, these writers are strangely silent. Perhaps they honestly cannot understand what Sauer is all about, but, on the other hand, it is not impossible that Commissioner Rozelle may have sent the word around to NFL house men to play down the Sauer story.

As I pointed out last month, those very same writers and television commentators who devoted almost unlimited amounts of space and time to Dave Meggyesy, an average pro player, have virtually ignored Sauer, a legitimate super-star. This is particularly astonishing since these writers live and work in a world where an athlete's worth, and consequently the attention given him, is usually judged solely on his athletic prowess.

Sauer was at first hesitant to speak

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or write about sport, particularly his own experiences, simply because he has had what he feels are profound experiences in athletics—experiences that defy description. It was only when he seriously looked at what sport is today, and then considered what it can and ought to be, that he felt compelled to speak out. "Without this reason," he has written in an unpublished essay, "I would be happy to remain silent in the presence of mystery, as one should."

When Sauer says that professional football players are being ripped off, he is not thinking of salary schedules or the infantile and petty regulations players have to endure. Like any mature person, he did not relish 10 PM curfews or grooming restrictions, but if bedchecks were the most dehumanizing aspect of football, he would still be playing today. He feels the players are being ripped off because the very structure and organization of professional football have destroyed the intrinsic worth of the game.

Sauer believes that the really joyous experiences of sport have been stolen from the players, and in exchange they have been given huge salaries and social status. Most players are ecstatic over the trade; Sauer is not. The average NFL player has all the ambitions and values of a junior executive on the make, and he couldn't care less about the intrinsic worth of what he is doing. "The emphasis in football today," Sauer says, "is to fill the ego, not the heart; to fill the pocket and ignore a deeper emptiness."

Not surprisingly, he sees a relationship between football and the society of which it is one small part. "I think football has come to look quite a bit like our country does at certain times," he told me last spring. "The same powers that keep a football player pretty much locked in place throughout his whole career are the same kind of powers that would tend to keep black people, disadvantaged minorities, Mexican Americans, and Indians locked in place. The ideology of football's power structure is pretty much the same as that of the nation's power structure. If you trace back the history of football, you'll find that it is closely linked up with old-time Social Darwinistic thought. Consequently, it's not surprising to me that the power structure of football is going to wind up on the side of militarism and imperialism because, at the time football was gaining its greatest strength, it was still tied in with the imperialistic, Darwinistic doctrine that brought on the Spanish-American War, that put us into Cuba and made us annex the Philippines."

Sauer is particularly concerned about the influence of Social Darwinism on the game, and he has discovered that Walter Camp, the so-called father of American football, was the son-in-law of William Graham Sumner, Herbert Spencer's chief disciple in America. He is concerned about this influence, for he feels it is at least partially responsible for the attitude prevalent in American football that says the opponent is the enemy—the whole idea of antagonistic competition.

Sauer is in total disagreement with the opinion that claims all competition is antagonistic and ultimately destructive. "Opponents in sport are not enemies," he says in an essay he has written. "They are not beasts venting a blood lust into acceptable channels. They are not what so many persons, acquiescing to myth, have said they are. If anything, athletic opponents are brothers in a universal sense. They compete in contests to express something about men in the face of challenge. Opponents mutually enrich their challenges by presenting an intelligent unpredictability that is absent in sports without opponents. And finally, opponents reflect ultimately a cooperation in the form of competition. Even the words 'compete' and 'contest' imply a togetherness rather than separateness. Compete literally means to 'seek together,' and contest, to 'bear witness together'! Opponents finally are seeking something together and together they are bearing witness to what man can become in the face of challenge. In this way, they serve each other with a means of testing their limits and testing their spirit, while at the same time providing a drama for a dynamic excellence of man. As mutual servants, they are bound together in a certain equality that announces them as brothers."

But during his six years in professional football, Sauer's knowledge of what competition ought to be like was always on a collision course with Vince

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Lombardi's motto that "You have to have that fire in you to play this game, and there's nothing that stokes that fire like hate." Unfortunately for Sauer, and sadly for American sport, the Lombardi view of competition is the dominant one.

STILL, ON MANY OCCASIONS, Sauer says he was able to experience the more meaningful aspect of team sports. "Of all my experiences in football, those of the feeling of brotherhood emerge in a very special sense as the most fulfilling and rewarding," he has written. "The kind of solidarity which is engendered on a football team, among men with a common and grueling purpose, is something that transcends that purpose. It is something more meaningful and more profound than victory or defeat. . . . Through good games and bad there was the beauty of mutual dependence that held us together and spoke of a faith in one another. Those are the experiences that will remain prominent in my memory—those experiences of togetherness that went beyond victory or defeat and were warm and genuine and so far beyond the kind of togetherness that is sometimes preached today for the motives of collective selfishness such as, 'cooperation is successful experience'—a kind of cold and amoral pragmatism that ignores the ultimate, essentially human value of cooperation for itself."

Sauer's occasional personal experiences of what football and sport ought to be like, of course, were always in conflict with the reality of American sport—particularly professional football. It was when he saw this conflict was irreconcilable that he decided to leave the game: "The connection of pro football's predatory commercial ambitions and its gruesome portrayal of the 'survival of the fittest,' which it needlessly advances, finally overrode the pleasure I got from playing. It is that level of emphasis and my trying to exist within it, while not enlisting to it, that finally led me from the game. What I knew to be of lasting value grew small under the implacable forces that were, and still are, manufacturing a structure and an image of the game that only increase false incentives and further separate men from one another. More than ever, pro football has become wedded unquestionably to the spectre of profit at the expense of the truly fulfilling aspects of football as sport. It insists on attempting to extend players' imprisonment with their own adolescence and to keep them subordinately wedded to the goal of profit."

Professional football has become the most popular sport in our country, because, among other reasons, the fans believe the game and its players have a certain authenticity that is sorely lacking in their own lives. If they knew their football heroes' lives are usually as empty as their own, and the game the players perform as meaningless as their own work, the game would lose its mystique, and NFL owners, like professional baseball owners, would soon be parading semi-nude women on the field in order to draw paying customers. And if the fans could be allowed to hear George Sauer's ideas, they might see the extent to which spectators as well as players have been ripped off. —JACK SCOTT

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